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HELEN
OF
INNSPRUCK


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HELEN OF INNSPRUCK,

OR

THE MAID OF TYROL,

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.



LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

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1852.

280. s. 18.

TO

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY

OF

ANDREW HOFER,

(OF ST. LEONARD'S, IN PASSEYER,)

AND

HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS IN ARMS,

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED,

BY

AN ADMIRING STRANGER.

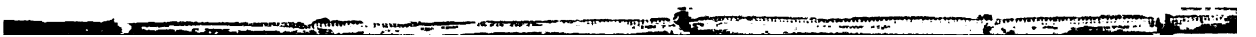
PREFACE.

THE following Poem (as stated in the Introduction) was originally composed for the amusement of a child. The idea of writing a story, founded upon the career of Hofer, was hastily conceived, and as promptly executed; and the tale is now offered to the public, in the hope that it may not be altogether unacceptable to those who value the virtues of patriotism and piety,—so eminently conspicuous in the character of the Tyrolese. The Author would only add, while launching his little work upon the uncertain waters of Criticism, that a bark so frail is but ill-adapted to resist those thunders with which some guardians of literature are accustomed to greet the crude and hasty efforts of the unfledged Muse.

CLIFTON, 1*st January*, 1852.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	1
CANTO I.—THE JOURNEY	3
,, II.—THE JOURNEY CONTINUED	25
,, III.—THE VILLAGE WAKE	38
,, IV.—THE INSURRECTION	63
,, V.—THE VICTORY	92
,, VI.—THE DEFEAT	118
CONCLUSION	149
NOTES	151



INTRODUCTION.

My much-loved Herbert! I have often said
That I would tell thee the adventurous tale
Of Tyrol's hero. Herbert! he is dead;
And that is why I weep. But what avail
Are tears to him, who blench'd not, or grew pale,
When at his bare and unprotected breast,
Which needed not the coward's coat of mail,
The deadly tubes were pointed? May he rest
In peace. Of Austria's sons the bravest and the best.

Herbert! he was my friend; thy father's friend;
Oh! how I loved to mark his brave career.
With broken heart I watch'd his noble end,
And slowly paced beside his blood-stained bier.
Still to my soul is Hofer's memory dear;
Hofer! who died his native land to save;
Too soon forgetful, she has dried the tear
Which should have still bedew'd his honor'd grave,
And e'en withdrawn the gift she once so justly gave.

But I anticipate my tale, my Boy,
And that, the learned say, bespeaks a bard
Without discretion. He, who would decoy
Mankind to hear his story, should retard
Its final issue, or his plot is marr'd;
The interest banished which he fain would win.
But Feeling puts a poet off his guard:
So, without further preface, I'll begin
To sing Bavaria's crime, and Austria's colder sin.

HELEN OF INNSPRUCK.

CANTO I.

THE JOURNEY.

I.

THERE lived some forty years ago a youth
In England's isle, and Ernest was his name;
His race (for I intend to tell the truth,)
Was neither noble, or well known to fame.
But what of that? His dust was just the same
As that of Montmorency, or of Howard;
His soul, too, burnt with quite as pure a flame
As theirs, who more than death the name of coward
Did dread. His feelings—high as errant-knight's they tower'd.

II.

For he was young, and then it is that Hope,
The prophet of the Future, speaks most loud,
And tells th' aspiring youth (forgive the trope,)
That he shall be distinguished o'er the crowd
That moves around him. How sedately proud
This aspiration makes the moon-struck boy!
He dreams not Disappointment, like a cloud,
Will one day darken, and perhaps destroy,
The hope-illumined scene of his fantastic joy.

III.

Ernest, I said, was young; scarce twenty springs
Had waken'd Nature from her annual sleep,
And bid old father Winter spread his wings,
And hasten off across the vasty deep,
In other climes his icy reign to keep,
Since when, a baby on his nurse's knee,
He used alternately to laugh and weep,
As anger moved him, or unbidden glee,
According to the whim of fitful infancy.

IV.

His home was on a hill, a wood-crown'd hill,
From whence the eye might range, on every side,
Upon a scene, so peaceful and so still,
That one would wish for ever to abide
And gaze upon it. Severn's ample tide,
Some thousand paces distant, lay below,
Where Bristol's argosies at anchor ride,
When wind-bound, till propitious gales may blow;
Around—the sunny fields with summer verdure glow.

V.

Upon this spot, for beauty unsurpass'd,
Young Ernest spent the morning of his days,
Sifting the lore which others have amass'd,
Or to some maid inditing love-sick lays.
Little knew he of men, or of their ways,
When, at the age of twenty years and one,
The frequent cough th' unwilling truth betrays,
That fell Disease its inroad has begun,
And he must seek some clime where shines a warmer sun.

VI.

Say, Reader, hast thou known what 'tis to part
From those dear friends, whom more than life we love?
Hast felt the fearful sinking of the heart;
The weight upon the soul, which will not move?
When from the ark of home, like Noah's dove,
The youthful wand'rer turns his steps away;
Condemned, perchance, in search of health to rove
The world's wide regions. 'Tis a mournful day,
For while Hope bids us—"on," Affection whispers—"stay."

VII.

Poor Ernest sorely grieved to leave his mother,
His father dearly-loved, and sisters fair.
Alas! that I should say, *he had no brother;*
And here I could relate thee, did I dare,
A tale of sorrow; but I must forbear;
There are who still lament the long-lost dead.
The sad recital would be sure to tear
The wounds asunder, which so freely bled,
When Alfred's gentle soul to Him who gave it fled.

VIII.

I said that Ernest grieved to quit his home,
And those who made it such a scene of bliss.
Forgotten for the time his wish to roam,
He linger'd long upon the parting kiss.
It is indeed a solemn thing, I wis,
That trying word *farewell* at last to say;
It makes one feel a child again, and this
Was how poor Ernest felt: he turned away,
Yet still within his heart there lurk'd the wish to stay.

IX.

Enough of this. His journey has begun,
The wheels revolve, the willing coursers fly.
Should he return again, his object won,
How will he hail his native scenery.
But if it be decreed that he must die,
When far from home, upon a foreign shore,
"Oh! Thou, who hearest when Thy creatures cry,"
'Twas thus he prayed, "I need Thine help the more;"
"Aid me the blow to bear, its Author to adore."

X.

And now he's on the sea, the wide wide sea;
What new sensations fill his throbbing breast!
How dance the waters round the ship! How free
Each playful billow curls its silver crest!
How bounds the vessel o'er the surging yeast
Of waves, which seem to mock her as she flies!
He gazes, and his soul, but now depress'd,
As England faded from his tearful eyes,
Once more grows light again; he now no longer sighs.

XI.

'Tis morn; and with the first faint streak of light,
Behold! a long low line of land appears.
'Tis Holland's dyke-bound coast—repulsive sight;
Now here, now there, a stunted ozier rears
Its sickly head; which, as the vessel nears,
The broad-breeched skipper takes his morning dram
Of hot geneva, and, delighted, swears
His ship, like any duck, the sea has swam,
And soon they shall behold the tow'rs of Rotterdam.

XII.

The skipper speaks the truth. Lo! there they are.
How clear they stand against the cloudless skies!
Cloudless, save where, conspicuous from afar,
Thy murky smokes in endless wreaths arise,
Schiedam! delightful to a Dutchman's eyes,
Town of tall windmills, city of the still.
Without geneva sure a Dutchman dies;
His native fogs, his native damps would kill,
So soft, so soaked the soil, the air so raw and chill.

XIII.

Reader, I need not tell in what disguise
Our hero landed on the hostile shore;
(For France and Holland then were sworn allies,
Though Holland much th' alliance did deplore.)
Let it suffice to say his passport bore
That he was an American, a name
Esteemed by all, and that he ever wore
The tricolor. Let all the deed who blame
Remember, that themselves must then have done the same.

XIV.

In Rotterdam he rested several days,
Perambulating oft her bustling streets,
Her shady *boompjes*, and her crowded quays,
Where ships, enough to form a dozen fleets,
Of every country, save his own, he meets.
Amusèd much he is with all he sees,
To him so novel; yet he soon retreats,
For rumours reach him that it does not please
In certain quarters thus that he should live at ease.

XV.

Oh! War, what sad suspicion dost thou breed!
An unarm'd stranger, in pursuit of health,
Lands on some hostile shore; the harmless deed
Is treated as a crime, and he himself
Is watched like any thief in search of pelf.
Thus Ernest found himself from day to day
Pursued by some one, who, with cat-like stealth,
Followed his footsteps wheresoe'er they stray,
And morning, noon, or night, was never far away.

XVI.

Thought Ernest to himself, if it be true
These Gaul-ruled Dutchmen deem I am a spy,
Sent here by England, I may shortly rue
The day that I their watery land came nigh.
His mind made up, he soon prepared to fly
From Rotterdam, and on one foggy morn,
Before the sun appearèd in the sky,
Quitted the city, lonely and forlorn,
And by the slow *treckschuyt* away to Delf was borne.

XVII.

But 'tis no part of my design to tell
The various towns through which my hero past,
Or sing th' adventures which to him befell,
As he tow'rds Germany proceeded fast.
Right glad the churlish soil to leave at last;
He breathed more freely when thy noble stream,
Majestic Rhine! upon its bosom vast
Received him, and, like sleeper in a dream,
He sail'd upon thy waves, and mark'd thy beauties beam.

XVIII.

Oh! Nature, Nature! who can e'er survey
Thy glorious face, illumined by the light
With which the god of gladness gilds the day?
Or who, beneath the canopy of night,
Can upwards gaze into the dazzling height
Of that star-studded sky, nor inly feel
There is an heavenly rapture in the sight,
Which, like delirium, o'er the heart will steal,
And yield a sense of joy, that words may not reveal?

XIX.

So Ernest felt, one lovely autumn eve,
As, seated on a rock above the Rhine,
He view'd its waves those deeper tints receive
Which evening brings, and watch'd the day's decline.
What countless charms, fair River, do combine
Around thy vine-crown'd hills, and pebbly shore!
Convent, and castle old, and modern shrine,
(Fit spot the God of Nature to adore!)
All, all enhance thy spell, sweet valley of St. Goar!

XX.

Romantic spot! Oh! how the heart delights,
By memory's aid thy glories to renew;
To climb once more the Lurlei's purple heights;
The vale of Schweitzerthal again to view;
In fancy's vision, oh! that it were true,
Again to wander by the river's side,
Where rings the laughter of the urchin-crew;
Or, taking skiff, to float upon the tide,
And list the boatman's song, as down the stream you glide.

XXI.

What wondrous changes hast thou not beheld,
Fair River? Once beside thy rippling wave,
When Gallia's tribes against their lord rebell'd,
The Roman legions marched to battle brave.
When Darkness to the age a title gave,
Here Chivalry appear'd, with lurid light;
How oft thy waters then became the grave
Of bitter foemen, burgher, squire, and knight,
Who met upon thy banks, and fell in mortal fight.

XXII.

Thy depths, thy whirlpools too, have been the grave
Of many a love-lorn, broken-hearted maid.
Giselda here, whom beauty could not save,
Escaped the doom her ruthless sire had said
By plunging headlong from the tower decay'd
Of Bromserberg. This legend you will find,
When coming evening throws around its shade,
Still captive holds the startled peasant's mind,
Who hears the maiden's shrieks on every whistling wind.

XXIII.

Oh! what a varied scene is human life!
How pain and pleasure mingle on the stage!
Nations arise in anger, and their strife
Converts the spot, which seems the heritage
Of peace and plenty, to a field where Rage
Deals death around, by mad Ambition driven,
Alas! that there should be in every age
Who live to mar the joys which God has given,
The placid joys of peace, sweet harbingers of Heaven.

XXIV.

There was a time—ah me!—when I was young;
How many years ago I need not say;
Ere yet the hand of Time aside had flung
The veil which Fancy holds, in life's young day,
To screen our vision from the piercing ray
Which Truth's clear light is sure at length to shed:—
There was a time, when horror and dismay
Had seized me, had the page of life been read,
Or I had known how rough the path of life to tread.

XXV.

'Twas thus that Ernest thought, ere added years
Had taught the wisdom which Experience brings,
He almost deemed the world a vale of tears;
He almost long'd to have the morning's wings,
That he might fly away from earthly things,
Life seemed to him so sad, so full of woe.
Perchance he'd cause for these imaginings;
Perchance he'd tasted of the streams that flow
From Sorrow's troubled fount, and poison all below.

XXVI.

But now his soul is otherwise attuned,
Though war still wastes the European plains,
Though blood still flows from many a recent wound,
And many a captive warrior lies in chains;
His heart knows nothing of their bitter pains,
He only sees of life the better part:—
The husbandman, contented, count his gains,
Or blooming peasant girl, with modest art,
Adorn her glossy locks with imitated dart.

XXVII.

At length he leaves the Rhine's romantic stream,
And, turning eastward, mounts the vine-clad height:
Lo! Frankfurt's towers in mellow distance gleam,
Her windows sparkling in the morning light.
Rejoicèd much is he to see the sight,
For in that city lives a lady fair,
Whose happy English heart it doth delight
To entertain her own compatriots there,
And, should they chance to mourn, to soothe their every care.

XXVIII.

Ah! not in vain he seeks the friendly roof,
A welcome greets him at the very door;
He comes to put her kindness to the proof,
And finds her all she used to be of yore,
Ere she departed from her native shore,
What time her beauty graced her father's hearth.
May the blest husband, who in triumph bore
The treasure from the land that gave it birth,
Long live the happy lord of so much wedded worth!

XXIX.

Yet Ernest linger'd not within the city,
Although his hostess urged him much to stay;
Could care have cured, or tenderness, or pity,
Full soon his sickness had been charm'd away.
But Summer wanes: there's danger in delay;
And he must seek the sunny southern plain,
Where Winter rules the year with gentler sway,
In hope to shun recurrence of his pain,
And Health's gay buoyant step, and measur'd breath regain.

XXX.

Here let me change my theme:—whene'er I sing
Of female pity, tenderness, or care,
'Twere strange indeed if Memory did not bring
The sweet remembrance of (beyond compare,)
The firmest friend I had amongst the fair,
What time such friend was needed most by me.
Dear Aunt, forgive me if I now declare,
Though weak my numbers, what I feel for thee,
Kind Guardian of my steps in helpless infancy!

XXXI.

Oh! thou, to whom my warmest thanks are due
For that which none but thee had done so well;
Who was to me so tender, and so true,
When direst woe my infancy befel;
My earliest friend,—my sweet Aunt Isabel,
Who almost more than Mother was to me,
Since I to no maternal ear can tell
My mind's imaginings, I turn to thee,
And in thy gentle heart will seek for sympathy.

XXXII.

But first, dear Aunt, ere I resume my lay,
Oh! let me pause one moment, to allude
To that nor time nor distance can allay,
The burning sentiment of gratitude,
That I may never from my heart exclude:
For oh! how can I e'er forget the love,
Which o'er the lapse of years is still renew'd,
And still entwines, as erst it interwove,
Joys with life's tangled thread I deem like those above?

XXXIII.

Like those above! yes, yes, my quickening pulse,
And throbbing breast, assure me it is true.
In Heaven's bright paradise it would convulse
My soul with grief which Heaven may never view,
Such earthly joys as once my spirit knew—
As once! as *now* it knows, to taste no more.
How dull would be the hope, how dark the hue,
Of that far land to which our spirits soar,
Unless the loves of life may live upon its shore.

XXXIV.

For what sweet food can Heaven afford the heart
To feed on, if th' affections are denied?
Or what delight Eternity impart,
Unless *thy* form, and *thine*, is by my side,
Friends of my mortal life? If Death divide
Thy shades from mine, belov'd ones of my soul,
Eternity its transports may provide,
And on, and on, its countless ages roll;
I will not ask a part, much less the dreadful whole.

XXXV.

But why allude to what will never be,
And harrow up the soul with vain alarms?
For He, whose nature is Benignity,
Whose most paternal Justice never harms
A single creature, save the wretch who warms
His anger by resistance to His will,
Has promised otherwise:—and now the charms
Of His bright earth my trembling song shall fill,
And animate my Muse, as through my veins they thrill.

XXXVI.

And so young Ernest passes on his way,
O'er Sachsenhausen's bridge he turns his steed;
Yet ere he leaves, he sends a little lay
Of thanks to her who had supplied his need.
Along the Bergstrasse with redoubled speed
He flies, as if by such hot haste to drown
The thoughts which make his tender bosom bleed;
At night by Neckar's stream he lieth down
To rest, old Heidelberg, in thy romantic town.

XXXVII.

To one who loves thee, History, what a spell
Around that far-famed time-worn town is cast;
To him the castle's very ruins tell
A thousand stories of the peopled past.
In such old tales no slight Enthusiast,
Young Ernest linger'd long within the vale
Of Heidelberg, nor left it till the blast
Of coming winter warn'd him, weak and pale,
To seek a sunnier clime, and breathe a softer gale.

XXXVIII.

Yet loath is he to leave the dear old town,
Where for a while delighted he has been
To scale the wooded heights that o'er it frown,
And gaze in rapture on th' unrivalled scene.
Lo! *there*, for miles, the smiling fields between,
The silvery Rhine pursues its devious way;
Lighting the landscape with its dazzling sheen:
And *here* the Neckar, famed in many a lay,
Winds through the leafy woods with Autumn's colors gay.

XXXIX.

This is not all. Turn westward; look again;
There the Vosges mountains from the plain emerge;
There the light spire of Strasburg's tow'ring fane
Looks like a speck upon th' horizon's verge.
And now turn eastward; *there* behold the surge
Of forests dark in endless waves recede;
That is the wood of Odin: now then urge
Thy gaze in *that* direction, and there read
What Heaven has done for man in yon prolific mead.

XL.

There corn-fields, vineyards, orchards, gardens bloom;
Maize, grapes, fruits, flowers, enrich the teemful year;
The air around is heavy with perfume,
The hum of insects murmurs in the ear,
And every sight, and every sound, so dear,
Which rustic Nature in her bounty yields,
Is there: above, upon the heights appear
Old feudal ruins, frowning o'er the fields,
Perch'd on yon mountain-range the shelter'd plain that shields.

XLI.

At Offenburg he rested for a while;
And there kind Fortune findeth him a friend,
In "*La Fortuna's*" host, whose honest smile
Wins every one whose steps may thither wend.
Well pleased was he on Ernest to attend,
And play the landlord and the nurse in turn.
Such deeds—stern Calvinist, thy hearing lend—
Such deeds proclaim celestial virtues burn
In human bosoms still. What! can'st thou not discern?

XLII.

Keep then thy gloomy creed; which, blotting out
The light from Heaven, creates a moral night.
Be mine the generous faith, without a doubt,
Which hopeth all things, trusting in the right.
God's glorious works, which yield such pure delight:—
How plain they speak His goodness! to the end
Be mine the faith, as that of martyrs bright,
Which sees with justice, love and mercy blend,
And owns in Thee, great God, a Father and a Friend.

CANTO II.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED.

I.

MUSE of my Country! o'er whose radiant brow
The laurel blooms, as if 'twere rooted there;
Dear native Muse! before whose throne I bow,
To me one little wreath of glory spare:—
To *me*, thy youngest son, who yet will dare,
A theme which elder bards have passèd by,
To sing great Nature's masterpiece; though fair
Her every work, beneath the Switzer's sky
Her mightiest stroke appears, to glad the Poet's eye.

II.

Muse of my Country, come! on shining wing
Approach thy bard, his trembling tongue inspire.
Lend, Inspiration! while I strive to sing
Helvetia's glories, lend thy sacred fire.
O Theme sublime! Helvetia's native lyre
Attempts thee not; and shall a stranger's hand,
Touch'd by thy power, awake the sleeping wire?
Muse of my Country, come! thy wings expand,
And aid me whilst I sing the charms of Switzerland.

III.

Dear happy land! when first, long years ago,
My wearied footsteps press'd thy haunted soil,
I mind me well, where Rhinefall's rapids flow,
I sat me down to watch the waters boil.
Forgotten then my late pedestrian toil,
I pluck'd a flower, which grew beside the stream;
"And this shall be," said I, "the little spoil
"Which I will keep, in memory that my dream
"Hath been fulfilled at last, where Rhinefall's rapids gleam."

IV.

From Rhinefall's roar to Zurich's placid lake,
The while young Ernest hies him on his way,
There Nature's gentler charms his soul awake
To admiration, through the livelong day;
And when, at eve, beneath the moon's pale ray,
He pensive stroll'd beside the sleeping wave,
The influence of the hour (I've heard him say,)
O'ercame him quite, and, Nature's very slave,
He turn'd to hide the tear he vainly strove to save.

V.

By Zurich's lake, o'er Albis' flowery hill,
By Zug, by Arth, beneath the Righi's shade,
The English traveller wends his way, and still
Beholds new beauties every where display'd.
Winter is coming, Summer's glories fade,
And mount Pilatus wears a crown of snow,
The leafy spoils of Autumn strew the glade,
The wind blows cold. Go, gentle stranger, go,
And rest thee on the plain where Arno's waters flow.

VI.

Yet stay;—Lucerne! I cannot pass *thee* by
Without one tribute to thy matchless charms.
Sweetest of all sweet spots! how lovingly
Thou nestlest, like a babe, in Beauty's arms.
Far, far, removed from war and war's alarms,
Oh! what a lovely vale wherein to dwell,
And, like the tenants of the Alpine farms,
In patriarchal style to till the dell,
Or tend the fleecy flock, beside the field of Tell.

VII.

The field of Tell! O sweet sequester'd spot!
Man's noblest deeds, and Nature's here combine.
Born in a forest, cradled in a cot,
Here infant Liberty, a child divine,
Was reared by peasants' hands. A rustic shrine
Still marks the spot where Tyranny was slain;
And where the hills Egeri's lake confine,
There still St. James's rudely frescoed fane
Attests the victory won on lone Morgarten's plain.

VIII.

Scene of Helvetia's glory! Lovely lake,
Majestic mountains, soft secluded dales,
And wood-crowned hills, whence summer torrents wake
The answering echos through the verdant vales!
What though thy native Muse to sing ye fails,
O'erwhelm'd with too much beauty; shall the voice
Of him who now the home of Freedom hails,
Take up the strain? Sweet subject of his choice,
Thy praises to proclaim how doth his heart rejoice!

IX.

Yes, lovely land, thy many varied charms
The noble subject of my song shall be.
Here wood-built cottages, and Alpine farms
O'erhang the very glacier's icy sea.
Here fields of snow, from all eternity,
Have border'd fields with summer verdure green,
And, crowning glory of thy witchery,
Here smiling vales, dark frowning rocks between,
Are gay with rural life. O sweet romantic scene!

X.

Now, come with me.—Explore yon upland vale,
And dream the poet's Age of Gold restored.
The *Rans-des-vaches* is floating on the gale,
A wild rude strain by every Swiss adored.
Not Pleasure's flowery path, Wealth's glittering hoard,
Ambition's throne, or Glory's crown of bays,
To me such deep enjoyment can afford
As that which rustic Nature here conveys.
Meet spot for Nature's bard wherein to spend his days!

XI.

Hark! 'tis the tinkle of the convent bell;
Eve after eve it calls the vale to prayer;
There holy men in deep seclusion dwell,
Upon the summit of yon mountain bare.
To live a blameless life their only care,
And shield the passing traveller from the storm,
For him the simple supper they prepare,
And pile the hearth his frozen limbs to warm;
Right glad within their walls to hail his drooping form.

XII.

But who are they on yonder winding path,
That group, I mean, descending t'wards the plain?
List to their rustic songs, and lively laugh,
They seem a careless, merry-hearted train.
It is some farmer's family, again
Returning from the heights, where half the year
They lead their flocks to pasture, and remain
Themselves the while; when Winter's storms appear,
They seek the vale again.—See, they are coming near.

XIII.

Behold that noble bull, bedeck'd with care,
The patriarch of the herd, he moves along,
Bellowing his orders: see, with what an air
Of lordly pride he heads the lowing throng,
Tossing his neck, so stately and so strong,
Which bears the biggest bell of all the train,
Whose music mingles with the milkmaid's song.
Piled up with stores of cheese, a creaking wain
Brings up the cavalcade, and tells the farmer's gain.

XIV.

Around, the kids and lambkins frisk and skip,
The graver goats and sheep such gambols scorn;
Adown the hills the maidens blithely trip,
The half-wild cowherds sound the Alpine horn;
Children of Nature, 'midst the mountains born,
They lead a life of sweet simplicity,
And, free from care, by no ambition torn,
They wish no other joys than what they see,
And know no other wants than clothed and fed to be.

XV.

But Summer wanes, young man, and thou hast still
To pass yon range of mountains' lofty crest;
Full many a weary league of winding hill
Still lies between thee and thy place of rest.
Seize then thine *alpenstock*, and boldly breast
St. Gothard's side, though steep and rough the way;
Or mount yon mule which waiteth thy behest,
Sure-foot and faithful, she will never stray,
And her enduring strength shall bear thee all the day.

XVI.

So Ernest mounts the mule; and all the day
Her patient footsteps gather up the road;
Firm to endure, unwilling to obey,
She needs no bridle, and requires no goad,
But trudges cheerfully beneath her load,
(The merry head-bells jingling as she goes,)
As though her daily task she did forebode,
Nor stops to rest, till o'er St. Gothard's snows
Clear in the cold twilight the welcome hospice rose.

XVII.

'Tis morn upon the mountains: night recedes,
Pale streaks of light illume the eastern skies,
And now a broader glow of gold succeeds,
And now St. Gothard's snows have caught the dyes;
Still for a time, the lower landscape lies
In shadow lost, until the sun's first ray
Appears above th' horizon; then uprise
The mists, the shades of darkness pass away,
And all Creation smiles, as glad to greet the day.

XVIII.

Now wake thee up, young stranger, wake thee up;
Thy mule awaits thee, thou hast far to go;
Upon the table smokes thy morning cup,
Thy guide is scrawling figures in the snow,
Muttering the while against thy movements slow;
Thy hosts, the friars, are bustling here and there;
The clouds are forming in the vales below,
The wild goats on the hill tops snuff the air,
And high above them all sails forth the *lammergheyer*.

XIX.

And now they start, the stranger and his guide;
Down, down the winding track they wend their way,
Through fields of snow, extending far and wide,
Wherein 'tis death on either side to stray.
Take heed, young man, thy trusty guide obey,
Speak not whilst passing yonder icy wall,
Above thee hangs th' avalanche, poised, they say,
So nicely, that a breath might cause its fall,
And then—good bye to thee, thy guide, thy mule, and all!

XX.

The snow fields pass'd at length, they enter where
Upon their ears the fall of waters broke;
It is Ticino's stream: rocks bold and bare
Surround their path; a wreath of curling smoke
Bespeaks the herdsman's chalet; save the croak
Of the lone raven, no strange sounds disturb
The mountain silence; save the pine, or oak,
No tree is there to shade the mountain herb.
For old Salvator's pencil, what a scene superb!

XXI.

But soon the prospect grows more soft and green,
Thick woods of walnut clothe the mountains' sides;
The beech, the birch, the chesnut, throw their screen
Above the roadway, where the traveller rides.
Less rapid and less loud, Ticino glides
Along a vale of loveliest scenery,
Where the wild olive and the fig divides
The frequent orchard, and a cloudless sky
Proclaims thy classic clime, bright, sunny Italy!

XXII.

Here, for a season, let me bid farewell
To him whose footsteps I have traced so far.
I leave him in a land whose beauties dwell
Fresh in his mind, though many a scene of war
He's witness'd since, beneath the evening star,
He left it, lingering on its threshold long.
The lapse of forty years has failed to mar
His memories of that land of love and song,
Tow'rds which, e'en now at times, his wand'ring fancies throng.

XXIII.

I leave him in a land where cloudless skies
Pour down perpetual sunshine on the scene;
Where convents, villages, and villas rise,
'Midst castellated rocks, and meadows green;
Where chesnut forests spread their leafy screen,
And Maggiore's wave of heavenly blue
Reflects the frequent spires that peep between;
Where every breath is balm, and every hue
That wins the painter's love is there to crown the view.

XXIV.

There let him rest, and court returning Health,
While old king Winter holds the North in chains,
Best of all blessings! could the rich man's wealth
Procure one hour of freedom from the pains
Which oft destroy th' enjoyment of his gains,
How would he gladly give it all for thee.
It may be, that upon th' Italian plains,
Thou Hebe-like yet fickle Deity,
My hero may pursue, and thou forget to flee.

CANTO III.

THE VILLAGE WAKE.

I.

'Twas sunset;—and the sports were nearly done
Within the charming valley of Passeyr;
The keen-eyed marksman threw aside his gun;
The wrestler, weary with his toil, laid bare
His brawny bosom to the evening air,
And wiped the rising moisture from his brow;
The old began to yawn, the young to pair,
And all to say 'twas time the scenic show
Should be commenced, and ask, "why lag the players so?"

II.

There was a stage erected on the green,
Hem'd in with planks, the work of rustic hands,
On which all eyes were fix'd; as though some scene
Was there expected. Soon two youthful bands
Approach'd the stage, and on it took their stands,
And straight began th' extemporary strain,—
Where Love, as usual, poured his fierce demands,
And bashful Beauty, while he made his plain,
Still turned away her head, and vow'd 'twas all in vain.

III.

And shall I here attempt in this my verse
A free translation of their minstrelsy,
And interrupt my story to rehearse
How one bold youth address'd his fair ladie,
His am'rous plain, and her smart repartee?
Or shall I give examples of the wit
Which sparkled through their quaint Moralitie,
Of which the subject was, though most unfit,
The legend of a king well known in Holy Writ?

IV.

Or shall I, gentle Reader, give thee both
The am'rous ditty, and the sacred tale?
That will I do, if thou art nothing loath,
And more than that, (unless the Muse should fail,)
I'll give thee *two* examples of the scale
In which those simple swains contest the prize,
That thou may'st judge which couple best prevail;
Rude though the strains may be, thou wilt be wise,
If, whilst the songs thou readest, thou dost not despise.

SONG.

Male Singer.

Forgive me, dear Girl, if I tell thee my heart
Is the seat of a passion that will not depart;
If I own that I am not as harden'd as steel,
And that *love* is the name of the passion I feel.

Female Singer.

Forgive thee! proud youth, can I ever forgive
Such conduct, such language, such boldness as thine?
Go, carry thy *love* to some maiden more pensive,
Some bosom more soft, more forgiving, than mine.

MALE SINGER.

Yet why should I ask thy forgiveness? for thou,
Yes, thou art the cause why I harbour this guest;
'Twas thine eyes, lovely Maid, and thy beautiful brow,
Which induced him to enter, and dwell in my breast.

FEMALE SINGER.

If my eyes be the cause of thy madness, poor Boy,
I cannot but pity, the while I'm unkind;
Thou hast dreamed, foolish Youth, let thy waking destroy
Th' illusion, and banish such thoughts from thy mind.

MALE SINGER.

Yet kind thou must be, when I frankly confess
That thy conduct will doom me to joy or despair;
That thy coolness *may* kill, that thy kindness *will* bless,
Oh! be, what I think thee, as generous as fair.

FEMALE SINGER.

If my coolness could kill thee, thou silly young Man,
Thou had'st long ago died by a frown from my brow;
To be cool, to be *freezing*, is ever my plan
With such youngsters as thou art, so off with thee now.

MALE SINGER.

Yet I can't but believe that a bosom so pure
Must contain those affections, the sweetest and best;
Then away with distrust! if it is so, I'm sure
I shall by thy smile and thy friendship be blest.

FEMALE SINGER.

Was there e'er a poor maiden so pester'd as I?
How I wish that the youngster was out of my sight;
He asks for my smile, for my friendship;—oh! fie,
He talks of my bosom, *(aside,)* I own it *is* white.

MALE SINGER.

And if all I see should induce the desire
To try if thy lips are as soft as they seem;
Though to such an Elysium I dare not aspire,
'Twould be easy for *thee* to accomplish the dream.

FEMALE SINGER.

Now hear him, ye Maidens, and tell me with truth
How I ought to chastise such an impudent fellow.
I vow he deserves to be slapp'd; but the youth,
It may be, with drinking hath made himself mellow.

MALE SINGER.

Then farewell, lovely Charmer, the kindness of Heaven
Hath mingled some sweets with the bitters of life;
As Eve for a blessing to Adam was given,
How blest will *he* be who shall call thee his wife.

FEMALE SINGER.

At length then he leaves me! these pangs I must smother,
I would not for worlds that he knew what I feel.
He leaves me, as though to the care of another,
Though flinty, my heart hath been fired by his steel.

V.

Ulric and Bertha (such the singers' names,)
Bow'd to the company, and left the stage.
Some said the youth had not *assumed* his flames;
Some, that the maid, by her pretended rage,
Had more securely caught him in Love's cage;
And then they smil'd, and wink'd, and look'd most wise;
And one man whisper'd that he would engage
His cousin Ulric carried off the prize:—
When, lo! upon the scene a second couple rise.

SONG II.

FRIEDRICH.

Oh! why to Zilla was there ever given
So keen a weapon, such a potent spell?
Her kiss, her kindness, lifts me up to heaven,
And then her coolness drives me back to hell.

ZILLA.

And how came Friedrich by so soft a head,
That he discourses thus of heaven and hell?
Has he, with all his learning, never read,
The man's a blockhead who shall kiss and tell?

FRIEDRICH.

Oh! why, too cruel Maiden, use thine eyes,
Whose fascination makes me still their slave,
To wound, to torture, kill me, when there lies
Within them all the antidote to save?

ZILLA.

How canst thou praise mine eyes, the while thine own
Are always poring o'er those odious books?
If in my face such fascination shone,
Why ever meet me with averted looks?

FRIEDRICH.

Just let thy lips dissolve into a smile,
Those lovely lips that ever haunt my dreams,
Withdraw that frowning forehead for a while,
And leave thine eyes to shed their natural beams.

ZILLA.

Why should I smile, poor silly Youth, for thee,
Or listen to the tale thy folly tells?
The lips which haunt thy dreams! what if the bee
Should be content to *dream* of honey-bells?

FRIEDRICH.

Oh! hear my prayer, dear Zilla, grant but this;
Be kind for once, thy lover's boon impart,
And life, oh! life will be one scene of bliss,
My light—thy love; my Eden—in thy heart.

ZILLA.

Oh! Friedrich, Friedrich, thy poetic lore
Hath fill'd thine head with naught but sighs and tears;
Give me thy heart, thy Zilla asks no more,
And keep thy compliments for others' ears.

VI.

The second couple bowed, and straight retired;
Some said the youth was wanted to array
The band of youthful peasants who aspired
To be the actors in the sacred play,
With which 'tis meet to terminate the day:—
So Romanists assert, and they should know;
But we benighted Protestants might say
It seems a little bit profane to show
A saint upon the stage, bedecked with furbelow.*

* "The peasantry of the Upper Tyrol have also their sports,—among which, the most singular is the performance of little sacred dramas. These comedies are called Bauernkomodien, and never fail to attract many spectators from Inspruck and Hall; they are performed in the open air, and intermixed with songs and choruses. The actors appear in their ordinary dresses, excepting the saints, who are clothed as we may suppose saints to be clothed."—*The Tyrol, by* H. D. INGLIS.

VII.

The sacred drama acted on that eve
Was taken from the life of Solomon,
Relating all that Monarch did achieve—
Though 'twould not bear a strict comparison
With what *we* know;—as I could prove anon
Were I to tell the story of the play;
But as some might not like to look upon
The doubtful parody, I'll only stay
Just to repeat one song the King was made to say.

KING SOLOMON'S SONG.

Arise, my fair one, and come away,
The night is over, and now 'tis day,
The rain hath ceasèd, the winter is past,
And beautiful spring-tide hath come at last.

Arise, my fair one, the flowers appear,
The voice of the turtle falls sweet on the ear,
The vine and the fig-tree with blossoms are gay,
Arise, my fair one, and come away.

CHORUS.

Thus sung the royal youth to the maid of his choice,
Who answer'd his song with a trembling voice.

MAIDEN SINGS.

It is my belovèd, he draweth near,
O'er the mountain he comes, like a bounding deer.

By night on my couch I sought him, I wot,
I sought him, I say, but I found him not;
I will rise, said I, I shall surely meet
The youth whom I love in the open street.

And now he cometh; behold! he comes,
Like a cloud of incense of rich perfumes;
The valiant of Israel around him throng,
With swords that flash as they move along.

Of cedar his chariot is made; behold!
Its sides are of silver, its front of gold,
A covering of purple surrounds it above,
And, daughters of Salem, 'tis paved with *love*.

Go forth, ye maidens, to meet your king;
His head is crown'd with a golden ring,
And a garland of flowers; his heart is gay,
For this is king Solomon's wedding day.

Like the eyes of the dove are his shining eyes,
Like the locks of the goat his locks arise,
Like the tower of David his neck is strong;
Oh! about my love there is nothing wrong.

CHORUS.

She ceased, and the youth took up the strain.

SOLOMON SINGS.

Around that neck thou hast fasten'd a chain;
With the glance of thine eye thou hast ravish'd my heart
Arise, my fair one, and let us depart.

Thy love than wine is more precious to me,
Thy breath more sweet than the cinnamon-tree,
Richer than honey thy lips appear,
And the words of thy mouth are very dear.

To a beautiful garden enclosed with care,
To a running fountain, I liken my fair;
Spikenard and saffron, aloes and myrrh,
Are the fragrant spices that mind me of her.

I am come to my garden, my beautiful bride,
I am come, my love, to my fountain's side;
I am come; oh! give me some honey to eat,
Some wine to drink, at my fair one's feet.

CHORUS.

Then spoke the maid,

MAIDEN SINGS.

Is it really he?
For the voice of my lover it seemeth to be;
I will rise, I will open the door with care.

CHORUS.

She rose, and she open'd.—He was not there.

Then loudly the maiden bewail'd her lot;
She called him by name, but he answer'd not.
It was but a dream; all her pleasures depart;
And she turns to her couch with a broken heart.

VIII.

The singers ceased their song and left the stage;
And straight the crowd to seek their homes began;
A few still linger'd, anxious to engage
In conversation with one stalwart man,
Who seemed the chieftain of the village clan,
And had that evening held the judge's place;—
When suddenly a stifled murmur ran
Amongst the loit'rers, that a stranger's face
Had been observed that day amidst the populace.

IX.

"Who could he be? and whether friend or foe?
"And for what purpose present at their game?"
Such were the questions bandied to and fro,
To which the answers ever were the same:—
"We know not; but 'tis probable he came
With no good object; p'rhaps he is a spy."
Then some began to hint it were a shame
That he should quit the place entirely dry,
And that there was a stream flow'd most convenient nigh.

X.

But who is he, amidst that peasant throng,
Whose presence to such deep distrust gives rise?
'Tis Ernest;—'tis the hero of my song;—
Scarce would'st thou know him in his new disguise,
So changed, so hale he looks: Italia's skies
Have not upon him shed their beams in vain;
For now health sparkles in his bright blue eyes,
And strength and grace his manly limbs sustain;
Italia's balmy breath hath banished all his pain.

XI.

When the young Englishman observed 'twas he
Who caused the strange excitement in the crowd,
He straight approached the man who seemed to be
The leader, and requested him aloud
T'explain the mystery. The *Sandwirth* bow'd,
(The peasants had address'd him by that name,)
But with a piercing look, that would have cow'd
A less bold heart, demanded whence he came,
And with what object there to watch their rustic game?

XII.

Then Ernest answer'd him in tones as free
As those in which the Valesman spoke to him;
" And if I thought," he said, " that it might be
" From pride, for sport, or any other whim,
" Thou and thy friends assume this aspect grim,
" And with my movements think to interfere;
" The shades of evening should the day bedim,
" Yon setting sun himself should disappear,
" Ere I would name to thee why 'twas that I came here;

XIII.

" But as I half can guess why 'tis ye view
" A stranger with suspicion;—let it pass.
" As I was walking this fair valley through,
" It chanced I met upon the road a lass,
" Pattering her Avès as she tripp'd to mass,
" Who told me that ye held your sports to-day;
" With that I took the path across the grass,
" Which she informed me was the shortest way
" To where I might behold the wrestling and the play."

XIV.

And then the youth went on to name th' event
Which forced him to desert his native strand,
His early illness;—and the way he went
Through Holland, Germany, and Switzerland,
Until he reach'd the climate, bright and bland,
Of Italy,—where health came back again.
And here the Sandwirth seized him by the hand;
" Young Englishman," he cried, " forgive the pain
" My questions may have caused, which I will soon explain,

XV.

" If thou wilt come with me. My house, though rude,
" Is p'rhaps the best of which the vale can boast:
" My wife, my Constance, shall produce such food
" As hungry trav'llers love: my maids shall roast
" Our tender'st kid; my little lad shall toast
" Our home-made cheese; (it bears no mean renown.)
" I am in fact, my friend, the only host
" For leagues around;—my Inn is called the Crown,
" There shalt thou sleep to-night upon a bed of down."

XVI.

" Thanks," answer'd Ernest, " I will go with thee;"
And then the Valesman offer'd him his arm;
" Come, come," he said, " young stranger, lean on me,
" 'Tis yet some distance to my Alpine farm;
" Once *there*, however, we will quickly charm
" Thy weariness away; my Constance' care
" Shall be to give thee such a welcome warm,
" That thou shalt say she is as kind as fair;
" And gentle Helen too the pleasing charge will share."

XVII.

The Sandwirth was a man of middle age,
Of Herculèan frame, and deep-set eye,
And though he stooped, he seemed a personage
Within the vale of some authority;
The peasants doff'd their hats as he pass'd by,
For each of whom he had a kindly word;
To some he spoke in tones of raillery,
To some in whispers what might not be heard;
Albeit 'twas plain his speech their rustic natures stirr'd.

XVIII.

His dress, his country's national costume,
Was plain, but handsome, and arranged with care.
Above his high-crown'd hat, in place of plume,
A heron's feather floated in the air;
Green seemed the favorite color of his wear,
Such was his jacket; scarlet were his hose;
The same his vest; behind his shoulders square,
Strapp'd to his back, a glittering rifle rose,
(He never miss'd his mark,) the terror of his foes.

XIX.

One thing there was remarkable in him,
He wore his beard unshaven and unshorn.
Some said he did so just to please a whim,
And others that the Innkeeper had sworn
A solemn oath his beard should thus be worn,
So long as Tyrol own'd a foreign rule.
The fierce Bavarian soldiers spoke with scorn
Of his strange custom; said he was a fool,
Wedded to ancient forms, who should be sent to school,

XX.

To learn new manners; but, although they said
This of the Sandwirth, they took heed that he
Should never hear them. He would have repaid
Their insolence with blows; though said to be
Too fond of ease and sweet tranquillity,
His spirit scarce could brook the stranger's rod;
And yet he was a man of piety
Undoubted, and the while the fields he trod,
His eyes, his thoughts, his soul, were ever raised to God.

XXI.

Such was the Valesman, on whose stalwart arm
Young Ernest lean'd, as o'er the hills he strode,
The hills of Tyrol,—to the wood-roof'd farm,
Which was that night to be his warm abode;
It was in truth a wild and rugged road,
And to the wand'rer seemed an endless way;
At length they reach'd where Passeyer's torrent flow'd
Before a gravel-bank, on which a ray
Of moonlight show'd the house at which he was to stay.

XXII.

List! 'tis the sound of music; some one sings;
How sweet the melody! what wondrous skill!
And now the lute's low tinkle gently rings,
And serves the pauses of the song to fill.
The pious Valesman, though the air was chill,
Laid bare his brow, and fell upon his knees:—
"'Tis Helen's vesper hymn," he said, "be still;
"P'rhaps thou hast never heard such notes as these;
"She sings the sweetest song of all the Tyrolese."

XXIII.

And while the Sandwirth pray'd with eyes upturn'd,
Young Ernest listened to the sacred strain.
Words cannot utter how his bosom burn'd
With mingled feelings of delight and pain,
As that soft music floated through his brain,
Suggesting visions of the songstress near,—
Th' unseen songstress, who—he fear'd in vain—
Address'd her hymn to one who could not hear,
To Mary, Queen of Heaven, the Virgin Mother dear.

THE VESPER HYMN.

1.

Ave Maria: so the strain began,
Ora pro nobis: thus the chorus ran.
Ave Maria: gentle Queen of Heaven,
Ora pro nobis, that we be forgiven.

2.

Ave Maria: Mother of our Lord,
Ora pro nobis, Virgin most ador'd.
Ave Maria: Messenger of grace,
Ora pro nobis, from thy holy place.

3.

Ave Maria: Wisdom's sacred seat,
Ora pro nobis, suppliant at thy feet.
Ave Maria: Heaven's eternal rose,
Ora pro nobis, who on thee repose.

4.

Ave Maria: Refuge of the weak,
Ora pro nobis, who thy succour seek.
Ave Maria: beauteous Morning Star,
Ora pro nobis, from thy throne afar.

5.

Ave Maria: as the strain began,
Ora pro nobis: so the chorus ran.
Ave Maria: gentle Queen of Heaven,
Ora pro nobis, that we be forgiven.

6.

Ave Maria: with a gentle trill,
Ora pro nobis: fainter, fainter still.
Ave Maria: thus the vesper lay,
Ora pro nobis: softly died away.

XXIV.

The songstress ceased, the Valesman cross'd his breast,
Rose to his feet, took Ernest by the hand:—
"This is my house," he said, "where thou may'st rest,
"And all that's in it is at thy command.
"Observe, 'tis built upon a gravelly strand,
"'Tis from that circumstance I take my name
"Of Sandwirth,—Innkeeper upon the sand—
"My good old father's title was the same.
Now come with me, my friend, and thou shalt see my dame."

XXV.

He knock'd; the door flew open. On my word
A welcome prospect greeted Ernest's eye.
Up sprung the Valesman's wife to meet her lord,
Who took her in his arms right lovingly,
Not heeding that a stranger stood close by,
And press'd a husband's kiss upon her cheek,
Which she returned again; and with a sigh
Exclaimed, "Oh! Andrew, Andrew, what new freak
Has kept thee out so long? oh! speak, my husband, speak."

XXVI.

And then the Sandwirth told his loving dame
How he had met with Ernest, who, he said,
Had been that evening present at their game,
And would that night accept a traveller's bed.
"The youth is tired," he added, "I'm afraid;
"So, dearest Constance, set the supper on.
"Helen, my love;—wherever is the maid?
"She certainly was here a moment gone:—
"Fritz, Julia, Florence, run; call Helen here anon."

XXVII.

And off the children scamper'd. Who was she,
The maid who gives a title to my song?
Have patience, gentle Reader; it may be
The interest of the story ties my tongue;
At all events there is a reason strong
Why I should close this chapter of my lay,—
Because it has already grown too long,
And, if I do not, it may disarray
The order of my verse, and lead my muse astray.

CANTO IV.

THE INSURRECTION.

I.

TYROL! *thou shield of Austria!* by that name
Thy Kaiser Maximilian spoke of thee:
Thy Emperor Charles the Fifth, of wider fame,
Call'd thee the *heart* of his broad sovereignty.
Tyrol! thy very name has been to me
From early infancy a magic spell
To conjure dreams of mountain liberty,
(Thyself amidst thy rocks its citadel,)
And godlike deeds of men who in thy valleys dwell.

II.

For worthy of the land that gives them birth
Are Tyrol's hardy sons, the bold, the free,
Whose best affections round their native hearth
Still fondly linger, wheresoe'er they be;
Whether in that dear isle beyond the sea
Which no poor foreign exile seeks in vain,
Or in the groves of sunny Italy,
The fields of France, or vine-clad hills of Spain,
The hope, which cheers their steps, their country to regain:

III.

That they may peradventure die at home,
And lay their limbs beneath the willow tree
Within the churchyard, which, where'er they roam,
Is ever pictur'd in their memory;
For there, in happy days of infancy,
They with their young companions used to play,
There too, when men, they used to sit to see
The sun go down, and there on festal day
They met the maids they loved in village fin'ry gay.

IV.

There too, it may be, no reluctant bride
To the poor exile gave her heart and hand,
Blushing like peony, as the knot was tied
Which bound her to him with no rope of sand,
But with an ever-binding silken band,
Which only Death has pow'r to tear apart:
Death tore it; so he left his native land
In foreign climes to ply his simple art,
And haply heal the wound which rankles in his heart.

V.

'Tis all in vain,—grief yields to change of scene
Only when grief is light,—alas! some woes
Admit no cure; some wounds continue green
And open e'en to life's extremest close;
The gentle spirit sinks beneath the blows
Death's heavy hand inflicts; the sterner breast
Bleeds on in silence, yet the stream *still* flows,
Though noiseless and perchance not manifest,
Ceaseless the current rolls, and will not be repress'd.

VI.

And so the weary exile looks to Death
To cure the wound that festers in his side;
Yet loath is he to draw his latest breath
Away from Tyrol, country of his pride;
'Twas there *she* lived, 'twas there, alas! *she* died,
And he would rest within the same cold grave;
So wheresoe'er he wanders far and wide,
On Europe's plains, or on the western wave,
To reach his home at last his fondest yearnings crave.

VII.

For worthy of her sons is Tyrol too;—
Land of the lowly vale, and mountain high,
And fertile meadow; where the blossoms blue
Of hardy flax-fields match the azure sky;
Where blooming orchards glad the gazer's eye,
And groves of chesnuts shield the farmer's cot,
The murmuring river ever bounding by,—
Vast flocks and herds attest his thriving lot;
Above, the village church stands guardian of the spot,

VIII.

Lifting its spire above the walnut-trees
Which cluster round, as if to keep it warm;
List! how they rustle in the evening breeze,
See! how they bend beneath the mountain storm;
Mark well yon peasant's tall athletic form,
Such as he is are Tyrol's hardy race;
What contrast to the city's pallid swarm!
Strength knits his limbs, health glows upon his face,
His gun is in his hand, perchance he seeks the chase.

IX.

But where is he, the pilgrim of my song,
Whom sickness banish'd from his native land?
Restored to health, in youthful vigour strong,
Behold him seated in the "*Crown*," at Sand.
Why doth he loiter on the foreign strand?
Hath England no attractions in his eye?
Doth not his bosom yearn to greet the band
Of anxious friends, whose heartfelt sympathy
Follow'd his wand'ring steps when he was forced to fly?

X.

Oh! ye, who listen to my artless tale,
Deem not the youth forgets his native isle,
Because within Passeyer's romantic vale
He sighs, the captive of a virgin's smile.
But who the maid whose gentle charms beguile
His heart such beauty ne'er beguiled before?
'Tis *Helen Biedermann*, whose song erewhile
Entranc'd his senses, as he reached the door,
And held him spell-bound there until the strain was o'er.

XI.

And who is Helen Biedermann? you ask:
She is the Innkeeper's adopted child.
Journeying to Innspruck on some business-task,
The Sandwirth met her on a lonely wild,
Weeping most bitterly;—in accents mild
The man address'd her, (this was years ago;)
She answer'd not, but looking up she smiled,
And soon her tears began again to flow,
As if the poor young thing had met some dreadful woe.

XII.

Again the Sandwirth asked her why she wept,
And then she answer'd, but in words unknown
To him and to his friends, to *all* except
Some half a dozen Tyrolese alone,—
Who said they recognised her English tone,
For they had been in England o'er the sea;
But she, poor child, was then too little grown
To tell her story, (she was scarcely three,)
And thus the hapless maid remained a mystery.

XIII.

The Sandwirth was a man of tender soul,
And much he pitied the poor infant's lot;
He told his sire the little foundling's dole,
And asked his leave to bring her to the cot
Wherein his parents lived; his sire forgot
All selfish thoughts of gain, and gave consent;
Gladly the child was carried to the spot
Where Ernest met her, young and innocent,
A maiden of nineteen, tall, blooming, diffident.

XIV.

Ah! me, how weak is language to convey
The spell that reign'd in Helen's matchless form,
When in the bloom of beauty, like a ray
Of summer sunshine breaking through a storm,
Chaste as the Timbler's snows, and yet how warm!
She burst a rainbow upon Ernest's sight:
What wonder that he linger'd at the farm
Which held the treasure, drinking deep delight
Beside the charming maid to scale the mountain height.

XV.

Here, gentle Reader, let me pause to paint,
Presumptuous task! a picture of the vale,
Though weak my words may be, my colors faint,
Where dwelt the lovely heroine of my tale:
It was in sooth a sweet romantic dale,
Hem'd in by lofty mountains crown'd with snow,
Which served to screen it from the northern gale;
Adown the hills unnumber'd streams did flow
Into the wild Passeyer, which forced its way below

XVI.

'Midst rocks reclining in its narrow bed,
O'er which the river chaf'd in useless ire;
While here and there the brawling waters spread
Themselves into a pool, which did require
To be embank'd, lest they should rise still higher,
And the hard labours of the Valesman spoil;
Once they had done so, when destruction dire
O'ertook the peasants, who with wondrous toil
Supply their simple wants from that ungracious soil.

XVII.

The house in which the Sandwirth lived was close
Beside the river, guarded by a wall,
O'er which the spreading vine and blushing rose
In wild profusion climb'd; although t'was small,
'Twas large enough to have a place for all
Who sought its shelter, or required its cheer;
The very beggar seldom had to call
In vain upon the generous mountaineer,
Who never met his plaint with word or look severe.

XVIII.

Now let us mount the outside wooden stair:
(Such was the access to the house,) ah! me,
How weak these tuneless numbers to declare
The aspect of that home of harmony.
Love might have made it his own sanctuary,
Oh! why so seldom comes he to our earth?
For where Love dwelleth, there life seems to be
A blest existence, while soft, quiet mirth,
And tranquil smiles proclaim how priceless is Love's worth.

XIX.

Domestic Love! bright, bliss-inspiring Power!
Let not thy guiltless triumphs be forgot,
Whether thine altars shine in princely bower,
Or in the simple shepherd's clay-built cot.
Thou the presiding Spirit of the spot,
There Virtue, Happiness, and heav'n-born Peace
Shall come to bless the king's, the peasant's lot,
While Joy seraphic, never known to cease,
Through every added year shall constantly increase.

XX.

Such was the Power that reign'd in Hofer's hall;
In Hofer's hall, say'st thou? thrice honor'd name!
What he who rising at his country's call,
Led on her sons to victory? Yes, the same.
He whose achievements fill'd the trump of Fame
Was once the landlord of the inn at Sand;
Th' impartial umpire of the village game
Became the saviour of his native land;
The hunter of the hill the chief of Tyrol's band.

XXI.

But at the time I write of, all unknown
To Fame and Europe, Andrew Hofer dwelt
On his paternal farm, but not alone,—
Beside her lord fair Constance nightly knelt,
And on his cheek her soft warm breath he felt,
While he invoked his God to bless his wife
And little ones; and then his soul would melt
Within his bosom, yet his spirit's strife
Only increased his joy, and solemnized his life.

XXII.

Sweet pledges of their love, one little son,
Two little daughters clamber'd on his knee.
Oft would the father's eyes with tears o'errun
As, fondly gazing on their childish glee,
He watch'd the gambols of the merry three;
Yet none could tell you why those tears he shed,
Some thought he wept that Tyrol was not free,
And some that Hofer's manly bosom bled
Because one darling boy was number'd with the dead.

XXIII.

Besides his wife and children, I have said
The orphan Helen dwelt beneath his roof;
For twice eight happy years that lovely maid
Had put the Sandwirth's kindness to the proof;
And yet her presence was no slight behoof,
For she was quick and willing as a fay,
And from no household duty kept aloof,
Yet chiefly loved she through the livelong day
To guide the children's sports, and mingle in their play.

XXIV.

Shall I describe the maiden? She was tall,
And light and graceful as an antelope;
Her beaming eyes, like Eve's before the fall,
Sparkled with happiness, and health, and hope;
Whether she bounded down the mountain's slope,
Her raven ringlets waving in the wind,
Or at the Valesman's knock sprung up to ope
The ready door,—clear mirror of her mind,—
Her sunny smile revealed her soul how soft and kind.

XXV.

And such was Hofer's family, when he,
The roving Englishman, became his guest,
And much delighted was the youth to be
Within that wood-roofed farm allow'd to rest;
His was no cold, unsympathizing breast,
And when he enter'd such a blissful home,
The joys he witness'd failed not to suggest
Prophetic dreams of happiness to come,
When in some shelter'd bow'r a bride for him might bloom.

XXVI.

One happy fortnight glided swiftly by,
And still young Ernest loiter'd on the farm;
('Tis not for me to say 'twas Helen's eye
That held him by the magic of its charm.)
At length came whisper'd rumours of alarm,
Two men from Innspruck sought the Sandwirth's ear,
The loving Constance spoke of coming harm,
Though what it was, or what she had to fear,
She knew not, yet she felt some dreadful woe was near.

XXVII.

She read it in her Hofer's alter'd look,
Which once was as a maiden's calm and mild;
Now secret rage his manly bosom shook,
His brow was black as night, his language wild;
And yet, strange contrast! he more often smiled
Than he was wont to do, and now no sigh
Escaped his lips:—this almost reconciled
The matron to her husband's flashing eye,
Yet she was sure, she said, some dreadful woe was nigh.

XXVIII.

At length the Sandwirth took his guest aside,
And thus address'd him: "Noble Englishman,
"It is my duty, I conceive, to hide
"No longer from thee that *we* have began
"(I mean the patriots of the land,) a plan
"By which we hope to win sweet liberty;
"I choose the first occasion that I can
"To tell thee of it, that thou may'st be free
"To share or shun the war which all of us foresee.

XXIX.

"Doubtless thou knowest, this our fatherland
"Once loved the Austrian Emperor to obey,
"Till Gaul's proud ruler, with remorseless hand,
"For Wurtzburg's duchy barter'd it away,
"And gave us to Bavaria's hated sway,
"Who pledged her word in solemn guarantee
"That she would not our liberties betray;
"She soon forgot her oath, and speedily
"Unhappy Tyrol felt the chains of slavery.

XXX.

"The chains of slavery! alas! that I
"Should live to tell my hapless country's fall:
"Breathes there the man who would not rather die
"Than live the witness of his country's thrall?
"Oh! would to God that Hofer could recall
"Those halcyon days again, when, Tyrol free,
"Joy filled the peasant's cot, the noble's hall,
"And every Tyrolese beneath his tree
"Drank to his Kaiser's health with generous loyalty.

XXXI.

"But now, since we have own'd Bavaria's rule,
"Oppression takes the place of Liberty;
"Our constitution, turn'd to ridicule,
"Has been abolish'd by a royal decree;
"Our coffers have been seized; Impiety
"Has even dared to lay its lawless hands
"Upon our convents, and (what blasphemy!)
"To sell the sacred plate, the church's lands;
"Our youth are torn away to swell Napoleon's bands.

XXXII.

" Can this be borne by men who once were free?
" It cannot, and it shall not:—by this cross,"
(He raised a crucifix, and bent his knee,)
" I swear the tyrant's myrmidons to toss
" Back to himself, like so much worthless dross:
" Yes, Tyrol *shall* be free and glad once more;
" Already Francis doth lament our loss;
" His troops will aid our struggles, and their gore
" Will mingle with the blood which we shall freely pour.

XXXIII.

" To night some friends from Botzen will be here
" To organize our scheme; the Archduke John
" Hath sent us tidings that he draweth near
" To aid the insurrection; and upon
" Those tidings we have fix'd to rise anon:
" Ten thousand patriots in the Pusterthal,
" Ten thousand in the Eisach have been won;
" They only wait their bleeding country's call
" To march against her foes, and on the tyrants fall.

XXXIV.

"Now, generous stranger, thou hast heard our plan;
"I trust it to thine honor—not in vain;
"Pledge of thy faith, thou art an Englishman,
"Thy country's 'scutcheon never bore a stain;
"Say, wilt thou aid us to throw off the chain
"That binds poor Tyrol?" An electric thrill
Of passion shook the youth, and fired his brain;
Scarce knowing what he said, in accents shrill,
Seizing the Sandwirth's hand, "I will," he cried, "I will."

XXXV.

Night came at length, and with it came the friends
Whom Hofer spoke of;—they were brawny men,
Cloth'd in the dress that custom recommends
Unto the silent cloister's denizen,—
Capuchin friars they seemèd to the ken
Of Ernest, though unused to such a sight.
Each bore a monstrous crucifix, and when
In after times they mingled in the fight,
'Tis said with these they dealt blows neither soft nor light.

XXXVI.

The elder's name was Haspinger; his frame,
More suited to the hill-side than the cell,
Was cast in Nature's strongest mould; he came
From Botzen, where, at call of vesper bell,
He pray'd with so much fervour (as they tell,)
That miracles were wrought when he desired;
Across his chest a flowing red beard fell,
From which the name of *Rothbard* he acquired;
With voice stentorian oft the patriot ranks he fired.

XXXVII.

The younger was a man of slighter form,
And gentler countenance; his mild blue eye,
Than friar's eye should be more mild and warm,
Lit up with fire when Helen pass'd him by.
'Tis even said his bosom heaved a sigh
As he survey'd her lovely form and face.
What thoughts might through the friar's fancy fly
'Tis not for me to tell, nor yet to trace;
I only hope that *love* had found in it no place.

XXXVIII.

For what have friars to do with love? I trow,
They have renounced it as an evil thing,
At call of holy Mother Church, as though
Man were more wise than Heaven's eternal King.
'Tis true Love carries with him his own sting,
'Tis true Love brooks no rival on his throne,
'Tis true Love bears an arrow at his wing,
Yet, spite of all, oh! let this truth be known,
"It is, it is *not* good for Man to be alone."

XXXIX.

What if the monk should entertain the sin?
His oath forbids it, and his order's vow
Must be respected, would he pardon win
In Heaven hereafter, or at Botzen now.
The Church can make the proudest sinner bow,
She holds the keys of Heaven, and of Hell;
Beware then, Hermann, lest thou dost allow
Yon maiden's image in thy heart to dwell,
Although thy judgment own it hath no parallel.

XL.

Hark! 'tis the clatter of a horse's feet;
Along the roadway, with the speed of light,
A messenger from Innspruck, red with heat,
Spurs his swift courser: now he comes in sight,
And now at Hofer's door he doth alight,
Now, having enter'd, to the group within
He tells the reason of his hasty flight,
"The signal has been seen; upon the Inn
"The *sawdust* floats; *this night* the rising will begin."

XLI.

Then forth the list'ners hasten'd: by the rood
The messenger from Innspruck speaks no lie.
Scarce had they left the house, when as they stood
A hundred bale-fires lighted up the sky.
Upon the mountains, far as Ernest's eye
Could trace, the beacons blazed, while unseen hands
Supplied the fuel. Hark! that distant cry
Proclaims aloud that Tyrol's patriot bands,
Interpreting the sign, arise at her commands.

XLII.

Then Hofer, with bare brow and kindling ire,
Address'd the crowd, who hail'd him as their chief.
" My countrymen," he cried, " yon beacon's fire
" Attests the march of those who bring relief
" To Tyrol—victim of a foreign thief.
" To arms! it is our Kaiser's own command,
" To arms! brave Tyrolese, our time is brief,
" To arms! and let the watchword of our stand
" Be this—*For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland.*"

XLIII.

" For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland,"
The Tyrolese replied, " our blood shall flow."
With eagerness they sought to press his hand,
And call'd on him to lead them to the foe
That very instant; but the Chief said, *no*,
And bid them reassemble in the morn,
Soon as the sun should touch the mountain's snow,
When, at the summons of the Alpine horn,
He hoped to meet the men who had to aid him sworn.

XLIV.

The morning dawn'd—a morn of anxious hope—
(The tenth of April,) sacred is the day
In Tyrol's annals. Down the Jauffen's slope,
Like Passeyer's torrent, poured the bold array
Of Passeyer's patriots, eager for the fray;
The men of Spronzerthal, a hardy band,
Came marching to the sound of music gay,
And shouting, as they grasped the Sandwirth's hand,
The cry—"*For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland.*"

XLV.

"For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland,"
Ten thousand voices answer'd; there were none
Who could the influence of that cry withstand;
"The day has dawn'd, the rising has begun,
"Tyrol and Liberty shall yet be won,
"Or we will perish on the battle-field;
"Let the base churl who would the combat shun
"March not with us, but stay at home conceal'd,
"Unworthy Freedom's flag, or Freedom's sword to wield.

XLVI.

" Rise! ye who love your country; rise! ye brave;
" Th' Austrian Eagle's planted on our soil,
" O'er Clangenfurt our Kaiser's banners wave,
" Dream not of danger, turn not back for toil,
" Our Fatherland is now a robber's spoil;
" Rise! Tyroleans, rise! 'tis Heaven's command,
" Before our arms our tyrants shall recoil,
" Rise! Tyroleans, rise! for Freedom stand,
" Our cry—*For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland.*"

XLVII.

Shouting this chant, the patriots march away,
With ardour fired, and Hofer at their head.
Hermann and Haspinger a moment stay
To warn the women not to be misled
By rumours that their sons, their sires are dead,
Or that their husbands have been killed in fight:
" God had reveal'd it to them," so they said,
" His arm omnipotent would aid the right,
" And Tyrol's impious foes with fierce destruction smite."

XLVIII.

Then, with their crucifixes at their backs,
They hasten'd to rejoin the marching train;
Their task to cheer it to renew'd attacks
By voice and gesture, haply not in vain,
To shrive the dying, to assoil the slain,
To intercede with Heaven by mass and prayer,
Should Victory fly their banners; to restrain
Th' excited peasantry, in case Despair
Should seize the patriot ranks;—this was the friars' care.

XLIX.

At length the envious windings of the vale
Conceal'd the patriot army from the view
Of those who watch'd it to the last with pale
And anxious faces, which still paler grew,
When Evening o'er the scene her mantle threw;
Then wives and mothers felt their solitude,
Unused without their sons and husbands true
The day with prayers and praises to conclude;
Full many a couch that night their bitter tears bedew'd.

L.

Yet ere the crowd of old and feeble men,
For Youth and Manhood were with Hofer gone,
And weeping women parted on the plain,
The portents of the war they spoke upon.
Some through the night until the morning's dawn
Sat up conversing of the omens dire
Which had been seen of late, and not a yawn
Gave token of fatigue; how could they tire
Whilst list'ning to the tales which did their hopes inspire?

LI.

And first one grey-hair'd sire began to tell
How, wand'ring homeward o'er the Hockwart bare,
On which of yore a hermit fixed his cell,
He saw that hermit's image kneeling there,
And heard his lips repeat the vesper prayer;
When, hast'ning down the hill half dead with fright,
He paused at length to breathe awhile just where
The statue of St. James stands tall and bright,
Behold! a miracle was wrought before his sight.

LII.

His Pater finish'd, he beheld the saint
(I mean the statue,) slowly shake its head,
As if with grief; and as his soul grew faint
Within his bosom at the omen dread,
A flood of tears the holy image shed;
At this his hair began to stand on end,
And all his strength and all his courage fled,
For why, he wonder'd, should St. James descend
To weep, unless some woe o'er Tyrol might impend?

LIII.

To him another, on whose silvery locks
The snows of seventy winters had been cast,
Replied that he beneath Grunanger's rocks
Was lately seated taking his repast,
When on a sudden, borne upon the blast,
Strains of unearthly music reached his ear:
"I own," said he, "I stood awhile aghast,
"And felt some throbs of supernatural fear,
"As still the fitful sounds became more loud and clear.

LIV.

" At length, reflected on a dense black cloud,
" Long files of soldiers, marching through the sky
" With beating drums and trumpets pealing loud
" And waving banners, pass'd before mine eye ;
" Methought amongst their ranks I could descry
" Th' Austrian uniform of gold and black ;
" Horsemen, and footmen, and artillery,
" Across the clouds pursued their vision'd track,
" As though some mortal foe they hasten'd to attack."

LV.

And then a fair young girl took up the tale,
And told the gaping crowd that she had seen
Unerring signs that Tyrol should prevail,
Although disasters oft might intervene ;
Kneeling in prayer to Heaven's eternal Queen
Before the Virgin's cross, she saw a chain
Of flowers, which on it had long wither'd been,
Burst forth in renovated bloom again,
Whilst, like an incense-cloud, their perfume fill'd the fane.

LVI.

Thus the poor villagers prolong'd the night
With superstitious stories such as these,
And many others, which I will not write,
Lest they the eye of Reason should displease;
Of voices borne upon the evening breeze,
Of funerals marching through the forest's gloom,
Of flying foes, of conquering Tyrolese,
Of lambent flames, which through the twilight loom,
And, phantoms though they be, prognosticate man's doom.

CANTO V.

THE VICTORY.

I.

SWEET early Spring! how fondly doth the heart
Of Nature's worshipper thine advent hail,
When, at thy bidding, into being start
The thousand beauties of the flowery dale;
When by the breath of April's gentle gale
The snows dissolve upon the mountain's side,
Which, long concealed beneath that icy veil,
Now lifts its head in renovated pride,
Cloth'd in the vernal robe which Winter had denied.

II.

Delightful Season! as the budding trees
Grow greener day by day, and put forth shoots,
Which, fed with dew and foster'd by the breeze,
At length shall ripen into Summer fruits;
Doth not the liberal bounty, which recruits
The frame of Nature, touch the heart of Man?
Shall he, their master, duller than the brutes,
Withhold his thanks, nor occupy the van
Of those who hymn Thy praise, Creator-Artisan?

III.

Now Helen Biedermann was one of those
Who love the charms of Nature to declare,
And oft at break of day the maiden rose,
And, having offer'd up her matin-prayer,
Unto a rustic chapel did repair,
Beneath whose portal seated, o'er the string
Of her guitar, when no one was aware,
Her fairy fingers she would lightly fling,
And to the rising sun some artless ditty sing.

IV.

One morn—it was the fourth since Hofer left,
She rose as usual and walk'd out alone;
When Ernest, by his thoughts of sleep bereft,
And tired of listening to the breeze's moan,
For Helen's movements were to him unknown,
Rose also, and went forth to greet the day:
By what keen instinct guided is not shown,
It chanced his footsteps took the very way
Which led him to the spot where Helen sung her lay.

HELEN'S SONG.

1.

Awake! sweet warblers of the woods, awake!
And greet the god of gladness with a song;
He comes, he comes, let every bower and brake
Pour fourth the praises which to him belong.

2.

Hail! lord of light, great monarch of the day,
I too will greet thee with an idle strain;
I too to hymn thy praises will essay,
And sing the splendours of thy daily reign.

3.

Lo! in the East I mark a ray of light
Rise like a banner to the breeze unfurl'd;
It spreads, it grows, more brilliant and more bright,
And now day's monarch smiles upon the world.

4.

And in that smile, majestic Orb, I hail
My country's triumph; she shall yet be free;
Her righteous cause, her patriots shall prevail,
And Hofer lead her sons to victory.

V.

"Pardon, fair maiden;" starting at his voice,
The frighted girl let fall her sweet guitar;
He raised it up,—"I cannot but rejoice,
"Although my presence seems to be a bar
"To the conclusion of your song, which far
"Down yonder valley reached my ravish'd ear,
"I cannot but rejoice that my good star
"Has led, dear maid, my truant footsteps here;
"Now let me list once more those notes so soft and clear."

VI.

At this the maiden smiled; and like a ray
Of summer sunshine passing o'er her face
Was that sweet smile; too soon it fled away,
While shades of sadness occupied its place;
So o'er the plain dark shadows you may trace,
When western winds the fleecy clouds propel,
And as those gloomy vapours oft debase
The landscape's beauty, so the witching spell
Of Helen's loveliness with her changed aspect fell.

VII.

The maiden smiled, I said, and looking down
Blush'd crimson as the stranger drew more nigh;
When Ernest turn'd again her smile was gone,
And tears were glistening in her pensive eye,
He even thought he heard her breathe a sigh;
What! could it be that she had cause for woe,
So young, so beautiful?—he fain would try
To soothe her sorrow, might he only know
From whence the secret grief which bid her tears to flow.

VIII.

Deem not, too curious Reader, that my pen
Will venture to reveal what Ernest said,
Or, bathed in blushes, Helen answer'd, when
He threw his arm around the lovely maid,
And bid her never never be afraid
That he—but what I cannot here disclose,
Suffice to say—her grief was soon allay'd,
Whate'er the cause from whence her sorrow rose,
And that, whate'er his words, they quickly did compose.

IX.

Here for a season I must change my song,
And lead thee where, along the Pusterthal,
The brave Chastellar's troops, ten thousand strong,
Pursue their march as to a festival,
The men as merry as the general,—
Cheer'd by the shouts of those they come to aid;
One would have thought it was a carnival,
So gay th' appearance which the army made,
So warm the welcome giv'n to that bright cavalcade.

X.

Mothers brought out their children to behold
Their Emperor's troops defiling past the door;
Children led forth their grandsires, weak and old,
To bless the banners which the Austrians bore,
To bless the very uniforms they wore,
To touch, to kiss the steeds on which they rode;
E'en maidens whisper'd, what could maidens more?
The while their cheeks with crimson ardour glow'd,
Upon those gallant men their love should be bestow'd.

XI.

Meantime the valiant band which Hofer led,
Crossing the Jauffen, met the enemy,
Who had before the Austrian eagles fled,
Upon the plain to Sterzing's castle nigh;
Then rose the Tyrolean battle-cry—
For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland;
Now, gallant Landsturm, now's the time to die,
Or drive the invaders from your native strand;
Be cool, brave Tyrolese! it is thy chief's command.

XII.

Quickly that morn Bavaria's troops gave way,
In broken rank before bold Hofer's band,
Who, fearless as the leader they obey,
Full soon forgot the Sandwirth's sage command
Upon th' impending heights to take their stand,
From whence, unharm'd, they might destroy the foe;
Shouting their cry, with halbert, spear, and brand,
They charged th' astounded enemy below,
And laid two hundred men upon the meadow low.

XIII.

Lo! Victory crowns their efforts: see, their arms
The hostile troops lay down; for life they sue.
Haste, generous Chief, to check the rage that warms
Thy followers' breasts the combat to renew.
Then through the ranks the noble Sandwirth flew,
Proclaiming mercy to the fallen foe,
And from the work of slaughter soon withdrew
His comrades, panting for another blow;
So deadly was the ire with which their bosoms glow.

XIV.

And while these glorious deeds on Sterzing's plain
Were being acted, in the north, at Hall,
The peasants, roused to madness, broke the chain
Of servitude, and at Speckbacher's call,
Increasing as they march'd, to Innspruck's wall
Proceeded, some say, twenty thousand strong,
And there regain'd the beauteous capital,
Though Dietfurth and Kinkel did for long
Defend it street by street against the furious throng.

XV.

Of Colonel Dietfurth I have to say
(Vainglorious Gascon) it had been his boast
That he the insurrection would allay
With *two* Bavarian regiments at the most;
Little cared he for Tyrol's *ragged host*,
Until he found them conquerors of the town;
Resolving then to perish at his post,
He like a lion fought, until a clown
Attack'd him with a scythe, and cut the braggart down.

XVI.

As faint from loss of blood the Colonel lay
Within the guardhouse where he had been brought,
With many a stifled sob which did betray
That Death's dark Angel had a victim caught,
He asked the sentinel for whom they fought:
"For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland,"
Replied the Tyrolese, as quick as thought;
"But who was he with sabre in his hand
"Upon the milk white steed who led your peasant band?

XVII.

"Three times he passed me in the crowded street,
"Braving our balls, as though his life was charm'd,
"Or he desired a soldier's death to meet,
"Except his sabre he was all unarm'd;
"Where'er he rode, our regulars alarm'd,
"As though he were a spirit, turn'd and fled:
"Base churls!" and as he spoke the Colonel warm'd,
Attempted thrice to spring up from his bed,
Then fell exhausted back, and—Dietfurth was dead!

XVIII.

Aroused at this the startled sentinel
Summon'd his fellows, telling them the tale
The Colonel had related, ere he fell,
About the horseman on the charger pale.
The credulous peasants the bright omen hail,
And make the air resound with their applause,
Exclaiming that their country *must* prevail,
For that St. James had come to aid their cause;
"St. James, our patron saint, his sword for Tyrol draws."

XIX.

Cheer'd by the cry, the pious mountaineers
Assembled in the churches, there to pour
Loud anthems to his praise, whose willing ears
Had listened to their vows; and to implore
The mighty God of battles evermore
To send their patron saint to be their guide.
The picture of their Kaiser too they bore
Around the city with tumultuous pride,
And ever and anon, "'Tis time, 'tis time," they cried.

XX.

And thus in one short week the enemy
Was driven from the land, but not for long;
Bavaria's soldiers know the way to die,
Let not my Muse those gallant warriors wrong.
Soon through the pass of Straub their squadrons throng
And up that gorge of terror force their way.
Romantic defile! what a theme for song!
Unhappy Tyrol! 'twas Ascension day,
And thy o'er-scrupulous guards were gone to mass to pray.

XXI.

Aware of this they broke the barricade,
Compelling Tyrol's hapless sons to fly,
Till, reinforced by Chastellar's brigade,
At Wörgl they turn'd, resolving there to die
Or check the progress of the enemy.
Alas! outnumber'd by th' invading host,
Although they fought with desperate energy,
The friends of liberty the battle lost,
And Schwartz, unhappy town, became an holocaust.

XXII.

Accursèd War! great antitype of Hell!
What frightful scenes thy horrid steps attend;
Too sad for eye to scan, for tongue to tell,
The wildest flights of Fancy they transcend.
'Tis well they do: let not the Muse offend
The ear of Feeling with the dismal tale
Of vengeance, which th' invaders did expend
Upon th' inhabitants of Innthal's vale,
When Fury's demon-shout was blent with Woman's wail.

XXIII.

Blush for your guilty race, ye sons of men!
Proud child of Reason! blush, for ever blush!
Like angry lions leaping from their den,
Behold th' invaders on their victims rush.
Can *they* be men, who, madden'd with the flush
Of recent conquest, hasten to begin
The work of slaughter? Child of Reason, hush!
Why sleep Thy thunderbolts their forge within,
O Thou of purer eyes than to behold such sin?

XXIV.

Demon of Battle! when will men agree
To end upon the earth thine impious reign?
Never, oh! never:—long as earth shall be,
Murder and Rapine, the bequests of Cain,
Will haunt the city's shade or stalk the plain.
Yes, fond Enthusiast in the cause of Peace,
All, all thy aspirations rise in vain;
The rule of Violence and Wrong shall cease
Only with Time's last throb, Man's ultimate release.

XXV.

And thus it was in Tyrol. As they came,
The conquerors of Wörgl, along the vale
Of Unter-Innthal, wreaths of lurid flame
Uprose, like beacon-fires, to tell the tale
Of utter ruin, and starvation pale,
To those whose fields, whose dwellings fed the fire.
And one there was, whose manly breast the wail
That reached his ears aroused to frenzy's ire,
As o'er the hills he view'd his country's funeral pyre.

XXVI.

How can'st thou doubt it? it was Hofer's frame
That shook with agony too deep to tell,
As he beheld that dim and distant flame
Loom through the twilight like a gleam of Hell:
Had'st thou been there to see his bosom swell,
To mark the fury flashing from his eye,
To hear the oath, the awful oath, that fell
From his pale lips;—"I swear by Him on high
"That fire shall be avenged, avenged that piteous cry;"

XXVII.

Had'st thou been there, I say, thou would'st have done
As Ernest did, who stood beside the chief;
(From Passeyer's valley he had come alone
With news to Hofer almost past belief;)
Thou would'st have sworn to share the Sandwirth's grief,
And by his side for Tyrol fight or fall;
Thou would'st have pledged thyself to bring relief
From generous England, (pledge prophetical,)
Whose aid is ever giv'n to those who on her call.

XXVIII.

Meanwhile retreating slowly foot by foot
The peasants of the Innthal with the foe
Dispute each inch of ground, while many a hoot
Attests th' unerring aim with which they strow
With death-struck enemies the path below,
Perch'd on the heights that overhang the dale;
Although the tide of victory does not flow
With Tyrol's patriots, yet their arms avail
To check th' advancing host whenever they assail.

XXIX.

Arrived at Innspruck, consultation brief
Was held with those who garrison'd the town;
And soon, advised by more than one brave chief,
It was resolved to haul their banner down,
And, worst of all the woes that on them frown,
To yield the city to the enemy:—
At this some furious fellows tried to drown
The speech of those whose mild authority
In mutinous discourse they ventured to defy.

XXX.

Then Hofer, calm and thoughtful, raised his hand,
And beckon'd to those men to hold their peace.
" For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland,
" You swore," said he, " your efforts should not cease
" Until your arms had wrought the land's release,
" And hurl'd the strangers from our native soil.
" Think not, my friends, your country's hopes decrease,
" 'Tis only for a time our troops recoil,
" And soon shall happier days renew your patriot toil."

XXXI.

Those happier days did come: the month was May,
The birds were pouring forth their songs of love;
They knew not, as they hopp'd from spray to spray,
And with their warblings woke the shady grove,
Why Hofer, seated in his lone alcove,
The victim of dejection, hid his face
Within his hands; yet manfully he strove
Against his sorrows, whilst a little space
In Passeyer's quiet vale he wept the land's disgrace.

XXXII.

News came at length that Speckbacher had roused
The hardy peasants of the lower Inn;
That Eisenstechen, Buol had espoused
The insurrection shortly to begin;
That Martin Teimer, burning then to win
A cross of honor, in the Ultenthal
Had stirr'd the peasantry who lived therein,
And that, whilst marching on the capital,
Upon their favorite chief the rustic forces call.

XXXIII.

Hadst thou been there, like Ernest, to behold
Her hero and her husband Constance arm;
Had'st thou been there, I say, however cold
Thy heart, that sight had made it glowing warm;
Though pale her cheek with tremulous alarm,
The generous matron breathed no fearful word,
But coin'd the smile her Hofer's soul to charm,
As in his hand he grasp'd his father's sword,—
Her duty and her care to cheer her bosom's lord.

XXXIV.

He left her; and with him went Ernest too,
And though no bride upon *his* shoulder hung,
Yet *one* there was, the youthful warrior knew,
Whose heart the peril of her lover wrung;
And though no frantic accents from her tongue
Proclaim'd her sorrow when he turn'd away;
'Tis no less true her lute remain'd unstrung
When he was gone for many a summer day,
And that, whene'er she knelt, it was for him to pray.

XXXV.

Now from the heights of Isel, Tyrol's host
Look down on Innspruck, where the enemy,
Deroy their chief, have fortified each post
From whence they may the hostile ranks defy.
'Tis all in vain; shouting their battle-cry,
For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland,
Th' impetuous mountaineers upon them fly,
And though, undaunted, the Bavarians stand,
The torrent sweeps them off as though their lines were sand.

XXXVI.

'Twere long the list of those brave men to call
Who on that morning in the rolls of Fame
Inscribed their names; when Speckbacher, at Hall,
Attacked the bridge amid such sheets of flame,
That they who witness'd how he fought the name
Of *Fire-fiend* gave him,—this he ever bore,—
It served the matchless ardour to proclaim
With which he cross'd the blazing planks, and tore
The hostile banner down upon the river's shore.

XXXVII.

And Haspinger, and Hermann too, the friars,
That day performed (unmeet for monks to do,)
Such deeds of daring that remembrance tires
In striving to recount them; when the two,
Arm'd with their wooden crucifixes, flew
From rank to rank the struggling mass among;
'Tis said that many a score the fathers slew,
And that amidst the thickest of the throng
Hermann the brave was seen, and Haspinger the strong.

XXXVIII.

And Martin Teimer, honor'd be *his* name!
With twice three hundred chosen mountaineers,
From Hotting's heights by way of Muhlaw came,
Startling the foe with their repeated cheers.
Deceived by this, and counsell'd by his fears,
Deroy, the general of the enemy,
Besought a truce, withdrew his cannoneers,
And straight resolved from Innspruck's walls to fly,
So soon as Night should throw her mantle o'er the sky.

XXXIX.

This quick and unobserved he did; and when
The morn arose, and show'd th' invaders gone,
Th' astonished Tyrolese, without whose ken
The foe retreated, with the earliest dawn
Again with joy possess'd them of their own,
Their much-lov'd Innspruck; which awhile they held
Unquestion'd and in peace, until the throne
Of Austria, on the field of Wagram fell'd,
Recall'd her succouring troops: *she said* she was compell'd.

XL.

And what did Tyrol then? She shed no tear,
Although abandon'd by the Austrians' flight,
But donn'd her casque and seized her glitt'ring spear,
Like ancient hero arming for the fight;
Her scatter'd bands she strove to reunite,
(The noble peasantry obey'd the call,)
Placed in their hands such weapons as she might,
Encouraged them to rise, and aye to fall
In Freedom's holy cause,—or would they live in thrall?

XLI.

Elected chieftain of the patriot band,
Again did Hofer kiss the tears away
From Constance' eyes, and grasp his trusty brand,
While silent looks, how eloquent! betray
Th' emotions of his soul, the thoughts that stray,
Unbidden and unwish'd for, through his breast;
And Constance seeks her chamber, there to pray
Before the Virgin's picture,—her request
Finds favor,—so the smile on Mary's lip express'd.

XLII.

Upon the heights of Sterzing, 'midst a wood
Of giant pines that hung athwart the sky,
The Tyrolese were posted; Hofer stood
Upon a cliff from whence his eagle eye
Explored the vale by which the enemy
In former wars had ventured to invade
His native mountains, when a breathless spy
Rush'd to the chieftain's side; "the foe," he said,
"Has enter'd Eisach's gorge beneath our ambuscade."

XLIII.

'Tis said there were among the martial corps
Some hearts, albeit unused to entertain
Presentiments of ill, who shrunk before
Their general's order to desert the plain,
And through the vale of Eisach force amain
A downward passage. It were hard to tell
What 'twas they fear'd, for none could cast a stain
Upon their courage,—yet the mandate fell
Upon their ears as though that order was their knell.

XLIV.

The doom'd invaders enter'd; not a sound
Disturb'd the silence of that awful hour,
No bristling bayonets gleam'd the rocks around,
No ringing rifles poured the deadly show'r;
And though above dark precipices lower,
And Eisach's torrent rages down the steep,
The foe they seek, before Napoleon's pow'r
Has fled afar, and soon their troops shall sweep
The few bandits who still amidst the forests creep.

XLV.

The boast scarce made, when o'er the tranquil scene
The mimic lightnings flash'd; death-bearing balls
Flew thick as hail from every leafy screen,
Right sore that leaden storm th' invader galls;
At each discharge a wounded soldier falls,
And with his body blocks the blood-stain'd way;
Too late, too late the trumpet's voice recalls
Th' entangled warriors; Death awaits his prey.
Bavarians! Frenchmen! halt! your doom is fix'd to-day.

XLVI.

The crack of rifles ceased, the bolts of death
No longer sped, thick wrapp'd in sulphury smoke,
The war-cries hush'd, and not a sound, a breath,
The coming avalanche—the crash—bespoke;
When suddenly a voice the silence broke,
"*Hans, shall I chop it?*" was the ominous word,
To which another voice, "*Withhold thy stroke,*"
In accents loud replied,—and all who heard
The question felt as though the very mountain stirr'd.

XLVII.

As tho' the mountain stirr'd? they scarce were wrong,
For as they halted in the narrow pass,
Another voice exclaim'd in accents strong,
"*In Jesu's name let go the mighty mass.*"
Crash! thundering down it came; alas! alas!
That men should play the part of fiends, and mock
The death-throes of their brethren: broke like glass,
All crush'd, and mangled by the fall of rock,
Bavarians, Frenchmen fell, o'erwhelm'd beneath the shock.

XLVIII.

And thus the Tyrolese destroyed the foe
By imitating Nature:—as her hand
Hurls from the hills the thunderbolt of snow,
They cast huge rocks upon the hostile band,
Against whose serried ranks they could not stand
In close contention. When the frightful roar
Of the descending lauwine ceased, command
Was made by Hofer that, the contest o'er,
They should upon the spot the God of Hosts adore.

XLIX.

It was, methinks, a solemn sight to see
Those rugged mountaineers, with upturn'd eye,
Where flashed the fires of recent victory,
Give thanks to Him who hears the captives' cry.
Oh! may that prayerful spirit never die,
Tyrol! thy rocks and long-drawn vales among.
Religion! Virtue! daughters of the sky!
Still shed your influence o'er that prostrate throng,
May they in love be blest, in battle brave and strong.

CANTO VI.

THE DEFEAT.

I.

'Twas holiday at Innspruck: through the streets
Of that fair capital a joyous crowd
Were hast'ning to the pageant that completes
The pride of Tyrol,—she might well be proud;
Cannons were roaring, trumpets pealing loud,
Triumphal arches made the city gay;
As if Heav'n smiled upon it, not a cloud
Obscured the sunshine of that gala-day,
When from th' Imperial lodge went forth the bright array.

II.

Towards the *Church of Holy Cross* it moved,
Amidst the shouts of an admiring throng,
Whose loud huzzas proclaim how much they loved
The honor'd chief to whom those cheers belong.
Erect upon his steed, his friends among,
He rode,—the landlord of the inn at Sand,
The far-famed Hofer,—theme of every tongue,
Now styled the *saviour* of his Fatherland;
While Ernest, happy youth! slow paced at his right hand.

III.

Within the church, near Maximilian's tomb,
Before the priest of Wilten's holy shrine,
While clouds of incense shed a rich perfume,
While rose the hallelujah's strain divine,
The patriot knelt; and there received the sign
Of his beloved Kaiser's high respect—
A medal, and a chain of gold,—to shine
Upon his manly bosom, and direct
His thoughts to one whom else he might not recollect.

IV.

A close attendant on the honor'd chief,
Ernest, the hero of my story, dwelt
Within the palace, where a season brief,
Impartial law to Tyrol Hofer dealt.
'Twere hard to tell the secret bliss he felt,
The while, entranced in sweet forgetfulness
Of home, at Helen's feet the wand'rer knelt;
'Twere hard to tell, I say, not so to guess
The joy *his* bosom feels whom Beauty deigns to bless.

V.

Ernest was blest indeed; if blest he be
Who finds at last an anchorage for his soul,
Which long perchance hath drifted o'er the sea
Of life, unrudder'd and without control;
For now, as points the needle to the pole,
The wand'rer's heart hath fixed itself on one,
Who, long as Time's unbroken billows roll,
Shall reign the empress of his bosom's throne;
Yes, Helen gives consent, and she shall be his own.

VI.

Love's early dream! how difficult to tell
The hope-illumined vision of young Love!
The joy, the bliss, the ever-present spell,
The rapt'rous meeting in the shady grove;
The silent converse in the lone alcove,
When two fond hearts with mutual fervour glow;
All that anticipates the heaven above,
And all that's brightest of the earth below,
The best, the loveliest gift this bleak world can bestow.

VII.

His Helen by his side, th' enraptured youth
Heeds not the passing hours, though swift they fly,
Heeds not the friends (if I must own the truth,)
He left behind him when compell'd to fly;
Love, the Magician, blinds his mental eye
To all except the transports of to-day,
While in her ear he breathes a lover's sigh,
Or pours, it may be, some unstudied lay,
Fired by the vision'd scenes her warbling notes convey.

ERNEST'S SONG.

1.

Oh! cease not yet that spirit-stirring strain,
Prolong the dream thy magic voice has given,
Awake, awake those thrilling tones again,
And let me still believe myself in Heaven.

2.

Yet who could look upon those star-like eyes,
And say that heav'nly vision was a dream?
Those orbs, whose light was kindled in the skies,
And make a Paradise where'er they beam.

3.

With that sweet voice, and all the power of song,
Those love-lit eyes, and all that they possess,
There lives not who can boast a heart so strong
But thy resistless empire must confess.

4.

Then, dear Enchantress, gently use thy spells
To bless the bosom which thy beauties bind,
Oh! let *this* heart, whereon thine image dwells,
Confess its queen, its empress, can be kind.

VIII.

Joy is but mortal,—all things have an end,
The loveliest summer day must yield to night,
Thro' Life's rough journey Death and Darkness blend
With all that seems eternal and most bright.
Alas! that *mine* should be the hand to write
The fall of Tyrol.—" But she shall *not* fall,
" Against the power of France in single fight,"
This Ernest loud proclaim'd, " until her call
" Hath reach'd that sea-girt isle *no* tyrant can inthral.

IX.

" England shall aid ye, gallant Tyrolese!
" I pledge my life, my honor, that she will;
" Her banners, flutt'ring in the mountain breeze,
" Shall lead your ranks to deathless glory still.
" Methinks I hear e'en now her bugles shrill,
" Methinks I hear the thunder of her drum,
" Methinks I see on yonder snow-capp'd hill
" Her scarlet uniforms,—they come! they come!
" Did I not say so? yes." Vain Rhapsodist, be dumb!

X.

And Ernest ceased to speak; yet not in vain
His words, they fell not on a heedless ear,
And, when with him alone, the youth again
Address'd the chief, and was surprised to hear
His hint already had been ta'en. A tear
Bedew'd his cheek when Hofer press'd his hand,
And bade him with two Tyrolese appear,
So soon as may be, in his native land,
To sue for Albion's aid against the Gallic band.

XI.

Muller and Schaner were the Tyrolese
The chief selected for the embassage;
With them went Ernest; but it doth not please
Th' inconstant Muse to sing their pilgrimage.
Albion! enough they sought thy patronage,
(So Beauty once besought the aid of Mars,)
Albion! enough that other foes engage
Thy naval armaments and gallant tars,
And that thy martial hosts were gone to other wars.

XII.

Hail! bright-eyed Power, whom men call Liberty,
Handmaid of Virtue, birthright of the brave,
Twin-sister to Religion,—Deity
Extracts no homage from the fetter'd slave.
And have I now to weep thine early grave,
Dear mountain Nymph! to death untimely doom'd?
Alas! methinks I see the cypress wave
Above the soil where late the bay-tree bloom'd;
Why wert thou born at all—so soon to be entomb'd?

XIII.

Woe, woe to Tyrol! darker days approach;
Unnumber'd foes advance on every side,
North, south, and east, the raging floods encroach,
The rocks of Tyrol cannot stem the tide.
Of Gallia's troops the flower and the pride,
Like locust-clouds they come, at his command
Whose spirit brooks not thus to be defied
By simple peasants, whilst his conquering hand
United Europe's hosts are helpless to withstand.

XIV.

One final effort more the patriots made
Against th' oppressor, frenzied to despair:
Through seas of blood his brutal legions wade,
While burning towns their wantonness declare.
Inhuman monsters! will they, can they dare
To draw their swords on women? yes, by heaven.
Rise! husbands, brothers, lovers, rise! nor spare
One fiend in human form till, backward driven
Before your vengeful arms, they cry to be forgiven.

XV.

And up those lion-hearted men arose,
Each man a hero in his energy,—
Heedless of danger, on their ruthless foes
They fell, they flew, with desperate bravery;
Revenge their watchword,—*Death or Liberty*
Their sole alternatives;—'twas all in vain;
Outnumber'd and borne down, their gallantry
Avail'd them nothing, and upon the plain
The slaughter'd patriots slept the slumber of the slain.

XVI.

The few survivors fled; what could they do
Against the might of Gaul's tyrannic lord?
But though they fled, I say, they scorn'd to sue
To those whose rule their very souls abhorr'd.
The foe, enraged, again unsheathed his sword,
And Desolation stalk'd the wretched land,
Till Hofer, broken-hearted, gave the word
To the poor scatter'd remnant of his band,
Bavaria's, Gallia's hosts no longer to withstand.

XVII.

Unhappy Tyrol! o'er thy captive limbs
The tyrant's fetters have at length been cast,
Groans rend the air, and slow funereal hymns
From distant cloisters ride the mournful blast.
Poor widow'd land! thine hours of joy are past,
Thy glory hath departed; now to weep
The memory of the days too bright to last
Is all that's left thee in dejection deep,
As o'er each hallow'd scene the ruthless spoilers sweep.

XVIII.

Inconstant Fortune! contemplate yon man,
Whose weary limbs scarce bear him up the height,
His country's chosen,—*once* he led the van
Of Tyrol's hosts, and cheer'd them to the fight;
An outlaw *now*, his only hope in flight,
His name proscribed, a price upon his head,
He seeks some spot beneath the veil of night
Where he may make his solitary bed,
The while his faithful wife shall feign her Hofer dead.

XIX.

Beside the glacier of the Timbler-Joch,
A miserable chalet, known to few,
But poorly shelter'd by the Wildspitz-Hoch,
Received the patriot, still to Tyrol true;
Though 'twixt each plank the blasts of winter blew
He dared not light a watch-fire, lest the smoke
Should bring his secret hiding-place to view,
Nor dared he leave it save beneath the cloak
Of darkness,—to return so soon as daylight broke.

XX.

Here for six dreary weeks the Sandwirth dwelt,
Supported on the food his friends afford,
Whilst day and night his faithful Constance knelt
In prayer to Mary to protect her lord.
Better that he had fall'n beneath the sword
Of battle, than by act of treach'rous friend,
By act of *Donay*—be the name abhorr'd,
Betray'd to France, his honor'd life to end,
No band of comrades near their chieftain to defend.

XXI.

The fatal morn arrived; the tardy sun
Had not yet risen from his wintry bed,
When through the twilight, ere the day begun,
A band of soldiers up the mountain sped
Towards the chalet,—Donay at their head,
The recreant priest who, Judas-like, had sold
His friend and benefactor for, 'tis said,
Two hundred louis d'ors. The tale is old
Of Worth and Valour thus betray'd for filthy gold.

XXII.

The heights attain'd, across the Timbler's snow
In single file with noiseless steps they speed,
Beside the gorge where Achen's waters flow,
Their numbers twice eight hundred men exceed;
Arm'd to the teeth they are in case of need,
So great the awe a brave man may inspire.
There stands the chalet! traitor priest, take heed!
Back to the rear! should Hofer chance to fire,
Thy gold-corrupted soul might miss its guilty hire.

XXIII.

Woe, woe to Tyrol! down the Passeyerthal
Her fetter'd hero marches to his *grave;*
France will not spare so great a criminal,
Nor Austria raise her voice his life to save;
The foe, the friend, alike betray the brave,
His countrymen alone for Hofer shed
Affection's tear, the while from Heaven they crave
A thousand blessings on his honor'd head,
And grasp the hand which once their ranks to glory led.

XXIV.

And now sad Constance from her lonely shrine
Looks forth for Ernest,—he it was whose hand
Convey'd the weekly store of bread and wine
To Tyrol's hero from his home at Sand,—
Wond'ring she looks, as she beholds the band
That leads her husband halt before the door;
But when she sees him, losing self-command,
She shrieks aloud and sinks upon the floor,
Senseless—till Hofer's words her consciousness restore.

XXV.

They lead him off; and many an anxious hour
Together Constance, Helen, Ernest share;
Prophetic fears the matron's soul devour,
While Hope shines brightly in the younger pair.
'Tis ever thus; for Youth can laugh at Care,
While older hearts succumb beneath his stroke;
At length a messenger in wild despair
Presents a letter, which, when Ernest broke
The seal, the Sandwirth's fate in his own language spoke.

XXVI.

" Dear Friend and Brother. Break it to my wife ;
" It is the will of God that I should here,
" Exchanging temporal for eternal life,
" At Mantua end on earth my sad career.
" Thanks be to God ! the change excites no fear,
" *He* will support me doubtless to the end,
" And give me favor in another sphere
" To ask His mercy for each faithful friend,
" And to His heavenly grace my dear ones recommend ;

XXVII.

" And thou art one of them ; oh ! pray for me,
" Nor thou alone, but all who still may live,
" That I may quickly in Eternity
" Atone my sins,—that Heaven may soon forgive.
" My dearest wife will pay the donative
" That mass be chanted for my soul's repose,
" And requiem sung—a custom primitive ;
" May she, may thou, may all my friends and foes
" Experience every joy a tranquil mind bestows.

XXVIII.

" Departing world! adieu, a long adieu!
" Death seems so sweet, I shed no tear for life;"
And here the letter closed, except a few
Short hurried words intended for his wife.
" Grieve not for me," it said, " the saints are rife
" To aid the soul who on their help relies;
" Grieve not for me, but calm thy bosom's strife,
" The voyage I enter leads me to the skies,
" Before the throne of God to pay my sacrifice."

XXIX.

The letter finish'd,—Ernest look'd around,
Half-blinded by the tears that fill'd his eyes;
The wretched Constance, sunk upon the ground,
Stunn'd by the blow, in grief's first torpor lies;
At length her silence was exchanged for cries
That would have pierced the hardest heart of stone,
When on a sudden springing up she flies
To clasp her children, whilst a piteous moan
Proclaim'd her happiness on earth for ever flown.

XXX.

It was too much for Ernest's tender soul,
He turn'd and wept as tho' his heart would break;
And, all unused her feelings to control,
The orphan Helen utter'd shriek on shriek;
At length the matron made attempt to speak,
Tho' choked her words beneath her weight of grief,
Imploring Ernest instantly to seek
The prison of her lord, of Tyrol's chief,
And offer all he can to give him slight relief.

XXXI.

The wish express'd; the Englishman arose,
He paused not, linger'd not a moment more,
But took his way across the Jauffen's snows,
By Sterzing, Botzen, and La Garda's shore;
Nor stopp'd for rest until he reach'd the door
Where Tyrol's chieftain waits his destined fate;
And there, alas! a fresh affliction tore
His friendly bosom,—he arrived too late,
At that untimely hour they never drew the gate.

XXXII.

Weary and sick at heart the youth withdrew
To seek the shelter of an inn hard by,
And there 'twas told him, could the tale be true?
The noble Sandwirth was condemned to die
Upon the morrow. There was not an eye
Amongst the Tyrolese who throng'd the place,
Which did not on that evening testify
How much their souls abhorr'd the order base,
Which no assumed regrets are able to efface.

XXXIII.

The *générale* sounded; let the tale be brief,
The Muse delights not in such deeds of blood.
With head uncover'd walk'd the martyr-chief,
His step was steady, in his hand the rood;
Arrived where Ernest was, the soldiers stood,
And there did Hofer bless the kneeling crowd
Of weeping countrymen, who long shall brood
Upon the deed they dare not curse aloud;
Beneath the guise of grief their anger now they shroud.

XXXIV.

Upon the bastion, near the city gate,
The sad procession halted;—not a heart
Beat then so calm as his who met his fate
As doth beseem a martyr;—not a start
Gave token that the hero fear'd the dart
Death pointed at him; standing there alone
He gave the word;—it was a passing smart;
There lies his body,—and his spirit?—flown
To render its account before the judgment-throne.

XXXV.

Thus fell, thus perish'd Hofer—in his prime;
Oh! may the savour of his sacrifice,
Ascending upwards, glorious and sublime,
In clouds of fragrance reach the farthest skies.
The Muse knows well that when a hero dies,
Th' heroic spirit dieth not with him;
The flames of Liberty again shall rise,
Belovèd Tyrol! though they *now* burn dim,
And thy poor bark with grief is freighted to the brim.

XXXVI.

Here would I close my lay, but that there still
Remains to tell the fortunes of the pair,
Who, next to Constance, feel the deepest thrill
Of horror seize them at the sad affair.
The deed accomplish'd,—to the church they bear
All that is mortal of the murder'd chief,
And while his countrymen in mute despair
Beside his coffin yield their souls to grief,
A guard of honor comes. O mockery past belief!

XXXVII.

Accursèd race of tyrants! Ye, whom God
Permits awhile to wrap the world in gloom,
And use the sword, the fetter, and the rod,
To plague mankind from cradle to the tomb,
Accursèd race! prepare to meet your doom!
Still through the darkness shines the star of Hope,
The hour is coming, oh! that it were come!
When Man aroused, unawed by Prince or Pope,
Shall cast your chains aside, and give his spirit scope.

XXXVIII.

Oh! blessed days to come! methinks afar
The first faint glimmer of the morn I see,
When, swords to sickles beat, the march of War
Shall be arrested by divine decree,
When tyrants shall forget their tyranny,
His fierce anathemas the churchman cease,
When *Christ* shall reign, and Christianity,
Conform'd to Christ, shall bid mankind increase—
In numbers?—no,—in love, and happiness, and peace.

XXXIX.

But I am wand'ring: let me lead thee back,
Indulgent Reader, to the wood-roof'd cot,
Where Sorrow sits, array'd in robes of black,
And mourns the woe that may not be forgot.
O God! how changed the aspect of that spot!
The bower of Love is now the house of Grief.
Child of Mortality! behold thy lot!
Thus Joy departeth, like an autumn leaf,
Ye summer hours of Bliss, oh! why so few and brief?

XL.

'Tis evening; and beside her lonely hearth
The widow'd Constance weeps the hours away,
Hush'd is the merry laugh, the gentle mirth,
Which once beguiled the labours of the day,
The very children cease their usual play,
Albeit too young their sad sad loss to know;
Helen and Ernest only see a ray
Of hope appear amidst the clouds of woe;
'Tis Love that cheers their hearts, who brightens all below.

XLI.

Hark! 'tis the summons of a muleteer,
And now he enters, travel-stained and worn;
With him a stranger, who inquires what cheer
The house can offer till the morrow's morn.
"Food for thyself, and for thy cattle corn,"
Replied the mistress, "shelter from the snow,
"A seat beside the hearth of those who mourn,"
And here her tears began again to flow,
"And all the care, good Sir, a widow may bestow."

XLII.

The stranger took his seat; his lofty mien
And courteous bearing spoke the gentleman;
Some sixty summers he had surely seen,
So said his silver locks; his cheek was wan.
While round the room his glance inquiring ran,
On Helen's blushing brow it longest hung,
As though the maiden's inmost soul he'd scan,
And when at last her vesper hymn she sung,
He seemed to catch each note that glided from her tongue.

XLIII.

At length the maid retired, and Constance too,
But still the stranger moved not from his chair;
With him sat Ernest, doubtless to renew
Their conversation of the neighbouring fair;
Not so, not so, for scarcely had the pair
Th' apartment quitted than the youth arose,
"And do I dream?" he cried, "or art thou there
"In proper person? hast thou heard our woes?
"And by what wond'rous chance hast thou escaped our foes?"

XLIV.

The stranger smiled, as well he might, to hear
Th' impetuous youth the volley'd questions pour;
Awhile he spoke not, for the muleteer,
Worn with his journey, slumber'd on the floor;
Till Ernest told him that the man no more
Could comprehend them than a log of wood,
"In fact," said he, "there are not p'rhaps a score
"Within the land, much less the neighbourhood,
"By whom our English tongue at all is understood."

XLV.

And then the Major (such the stranger's rank,)
Gave brief description of his pilgrimage,
His courteous speech, and manners grave yet frank,
Agreeing sweetly with his reverend age.
But other themes their converse soon engage,
Of treasure lost—to be regain'd once more—
They speak in whispers, till they both presage
The morrow morning will again restore
Unto a father's arms a child lamented sore.

XLVI.

The morrow came; and, seated at the board,
The story of his life the Major told.
" My only fortune," said he, " was my sword,
" Five hundred acres, and a spirit bold;
" Friends I had few and they were strangely cold,
" At two and twenty to the East I went,
" And there I married, having won some gold,
" And lived in joy, until a sad event—
" The loss of her I loved my inmost bosom rent.

XLVII.

" She died, and left me with one lovely child,
" To train, like her, to be my heart's delight;
" The pleasing duty oft those hours beguiled,
" Which else to sorrow had been given quite;
" By day beside me, even in the night
" Within my call;—I loved the little maid
" So fondly, wildly, that beyond my sight
" I could not trust her,—till I saw her fade,
" And on her pallid cheek the flush of fever play'd.

XLVIII.

" It was the climate,—I resolved to fly,
" And bear my darling to my native land;
" O'er Lucy's grave I breathed a long long sigh,
" And bade farewell to " India's coral strand."
" The sea was calm, the breeze blew fair and bland,
" The bark we sail'd in harbour'd at Trieste,
" From thence o'er Tyrol's mountains great and grand
" In haste to reach our island home I press'd."
And here the stranger paused, as though the tale distress'd.

XLIX.

He soon proceeded; " On the Brenner's steep
" I had dismounted from my mule,—my child
" Upon my shoulder rested, when a heap
" Of snow, which had been on the mountain piled,
" Burst from its resting-place. O God! how wild
" The rushing sound with which it came—the glare!
" I turn'd and fled,—my little darling smiled—
" That smile still haunts me, 'twas so free from care,
" She thought I ran for sport,—where could I run to? where?"

L.

He ceased a moment: whence that piteous cry
From Helen's lips that broke? what sudden pain
Has pierced the maiden? what those looks imply?
Or has Insanity attack'd her brain?
Again she screams, again, again, again,
And now she sinks exhausted on the floor;
Bewilder'd Ernest rushes to sustain
Her drooping head, the cordial draught to pour,
And all that may her strength, her sense, her life restore.

LI.

At length her eyes unclose, how wild they gleam!
She moves her lips, but 'tis not now to shriek,
'Tis but to whisper—"Thou hast told my dream;
"Who art thou? who? mysterious stranger, speak!"
"Who am I! who!—a father come to seek
"A child long-lost, a daughter mourn'd as dead
"Years, years ago;" and down his furrow'd cheek
A flood of tears the trembling parent shed,
The while in silent prayer he bow'd his reverend head.

LII.

An explanation follow'd,—it was this,—
The avalanche fell, and in its overthrow
Father and daughter down the dark abyss
Were swept like lightning to the depths below;
The mules and muleteer were kill'd; not so
The helpless infant and her parent, they
Stunn'd for a time, half buried in the snow,
In mute unconsciousness together lay,
And when the father woke, the child was gone away.

LIII.

The facts were these; the child recover'd first,
But, as she struggled through the mass to creep,
The bank of snow whereon she rested burst,
And sent her rolling down the frozen steep;
Some Angel guarded her,—upon the heap
She fell unharm'd; at length for food distress'd
She raised her voice and cried herself to sleep,
Then woke again,—the sequel may be guess'd,
The Sandwirth heard her, found her, and—you know the rest.

LIV.

Some six hours afterwards the father woke
From his long period of unconsciousness;
He strove to rise, but found his ankle broke,
His child replied not to his fond caress;
Groaning with pain, heart broken with distress,
He crawl'd three leagues across the trackless wold,
When, as it chanced, a man in shepherd's dress
Found him half dead, and perishing with cold,
And, shepherd as he was, convey'd him to his fold.

LV.

'Twas many weeks ere he could leave the place,
So injured was he by his overthrow,
And, when at last he did, it was to trace
His steps, as near as might be, o'er the snow
Unto the valley where, to crown his woe,
His child was from his bosom rudely torn;
His search was fruitless, (this my Readers know,)
He saw no sign of her he lived to mourn,
Then left for England's shore, sad, childless, and forlorn.

LVI.

It chanced a bracelet on the infant's arm
Contained the likeness of her sire, and when
Within the chapel near the Sandwirth's farm
Young Ernest found her, to his anxious ken
She showed the portrait,—he survey'd it then
With wond'ring aspect, "I should know that face,"
At length he said;—"amongst a hundred men
"I ought to know it;—in those looks I trace
"The features of a friend;—how cam'st thou by the case?"

LVII.

She told him all she knew; that very night
He left Passeyer, and sought the patriot chief;
And found him gazing—dim and dismal sight!
On burning villages in speechless grief.
He told his story,—it was strange and brief;
"I know," said he, "the parent of thy ward,
"He lives in England;—why not ask relief
"From her puissant arm? I pledge my word,
"Should Tyrol seek her aid, she would unsheathe her sword."

LVIII.

He went to England; there he found his friend,
Told him the story of the Maid he met,
Return'd in time to see the Sandwirth's end,
And shed the tear of pity and regret.
His friend soon follow'd him,—the Fates abet,
The stranger told his tale, and Helen's scream,
Which those who heard it never can forget,
Convinced the parent's heart,—it is no dream,
His long-lost daughter lives, oh! happiness supreme!

LIX.

"Helen of Innspruck! Helen Biedermann!
"Thou must renounce that name, it is not thine;
"Thou art yon stranger's daughter;" thus began
Young Ernest gently to my heroine.
"What *is* my name?" she ask'd; "the same as mine;
"Thou art my cousin;—wilt thou be my bride?
"Thy sire consents." She made a yielding sign,
And bow'd her head upon his breast to hide
The tear, the blush of joy,—"I will," she faintly sigh'd.

CONCLUSION.

My much-loved Herbert! I have now fulfill'd
The promise that I made—the tale to tell
Of Tyrol's hero, whom the Frenchmen kill'd
For having loved his native land too well.
Oh! may such patriot spirit ever dwell
Within *thy* breast as did in Hofer's shine;
Oh! may *thy* arm be ready to repel
Thy country's enemies, and lead the line,
Against our island-home should England's foes combine.

And thou, my Country! o'er whose peaceful plains
The flag of Freedom flutters in the breeze,
Should proud Oppression rise, and shake his chains,
Oh! may *thy* sons defend their liberties
With ardour equal to the Tyrolese,
And follow in the path that Hofer trod;
The victory won, and fled thine enemies,
May *they*, like him, withhold the vengeful rod,
Like him, be strong in faith, and leave the rest to God.

And Thou, great Power! who from Thy mercy-seat
Look'st down on all below,—incline Thine ear;
On *Thee* I call to guide my Muse's feet,
The while she wanders, lost in darkness, here;
Oh! grant that she, like Tyrol's mountaineer,
The paths of Piety may never quit,
Inspire no stanza sullied by a sneer,
No line which, dying, she might wish unwrit,
For modest maiden's eye, for childhood's ear unfit.

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

Page 2.

And e'en withdrawn the gift she once so justly gave.

"Gold," says Mr. Inglis, while alluding to the political feeling of the Tyrol, "cannot purchase any life or account of Hofer; and at one time, the sword, and other relics of this patriot, now preserved in the Museum, were shut up, and forbidden to be exhibited: but this, it was discovered, was pushing the system too far; his memory was too much cherished to render it safe to suppress every memorial of him: this order was accordingly recalled; and the Tyroleans, if they cannot follow the banner, may at least handle the sword of a patriot."

CANTO I.

Page 9. *Stanza* 13.

Let it suffice to say his passport bore
That he was an American.

Sir John Carr, who visited Holland in the year 1806, at a time when it was unsafe for any Englishman to put himself within the power of Napoleon, informs his readers that he

entered that country with the passport of an American friend; he says, "In gratifying my wishes, I was guilty of assuming a character respected in every country, as well for its being most wisely and profitably at peace with all the world, as for its integrity and enterprize: I became an American."

Page 14. *Stanza* 22.

Giselda here, whom beauty could not save,
Escaped the doom her ruthless sire had said.

"Tradition says that one of these knights, Bromser of Rüdesheim, on repairing to Palestine, signalised himself by destroying a dragon, which was the terror of the Christian army. No sooner had he accomplished it, than he was taken prisoner by the Saracens; and while languishing in captivity, he made a vow, that if ever he returned to his castle of Rüdesheim, he would devote his only daughter Giselda to the church. He arrived at length, a pilgrim at his castle, and was met by his daughter, now grown into a lovely woman. Giselda loved, and was beloved by, a young knight from a neighbouring castle, and she heard with consternation her father's vow. Her tears and entreaties could not change his purpose. He threatened her with his curse if she did not obey: and, in the midst of a violent storm, she precipitated herself from the tower of the castle into the Rhine below. A fisherman found her corpse the next day, in the river by the Tower of Hatto: and the boatmen and vintagers at this day fancy they sometimes see the pale form of Giselda hovering about the ruined tower, and hear her voice mingling its lamentations with the mournful whistlings of the wind."—*Autumn near the Rhine.*

Page 16. *Stanza* 26.

Or blooming peasant girl, with modest art,
Adorn her glossy locks with imitated dart.

In many parts of Germany the peasant girls make use of little silver arrows as ornaments in their hair.

Page 23. *Stanza* 41.

At Offenburg he rested for a while;
And there kind Fortune findeth him a friend,
In "La Fortuna's" host.

"Offenburg.—Inn, La Fortuna, (Pfahlers;) good: a capital cuisine, and a clever and obliging host."—*Murray's Hand Book.*

CANTO II.

Page 28. *Stanza* 6.

Or tend the fleecy flock, beside the field of Tell.

"The Lake of Lucerne is distinguished above every lake in Switzerland, and perhaps in Europe, by the beauty and sublime grandeur of its scenery. It is hardly less interesting from the historical recollections connected with it. Its shores are a classic region—the sanctuary of liberty; on them took place those memorable events which gave freedom to Switzerland—here the first Confederacy was formed; and, above all, its borders were the scene of the heroic deeds and signal vengeance of William Tell, on which account they are sometimes called Tell's Country."—*Murray's Hand Book for Switzerland.*

Page 29. *Stanza* 8.

What though thy native Muse to sing ye fails,
O'erwhelm'd with too much beauty.

"It is remarkable that the exquisite features of their country have never inspired the soul either of a poet or a painter.—Perhaps their unequalled grandeur has overwhelmed the mind even of the most fervent worshippers of wild sublimity."—*Alison's History of Europe.*

Page 31. *Stanza* 12.

But who are they on yonder winding path,
That group, I mean, descending t'wards the plain?

"The annual migration to the mountains is a scene of great vivacity; and it seems surprising that no painter, to our knowledge, has yet selected it as an original subject for his pencil. About the end of May, the grand movement takes place. The cattle appear instinctively to know the hour, and require little aid from their keepers to find the inviting pastures. In their triumphant procession from stall to prairie, they often form a line of nearly a mile in length. The patriarch of the herd, a noble Bernese bull, bearing round his neck a large bell, suspended by a richly ornamented leathern belt, leads the way. Next succeed the finest cows, in pairs, and respectively distinguished by the size of their bells and decorations. A long train of waggons, laden with the dairy apparatus—coppers for making cheese; stoves, beds, chairs, and tables, for the *chalets*, and a supply of provisions, form the centre brigade, which is closed

by a motley troop of five or six score of cattle—all furnished with bells, which keep up a concert far more enlivening than the sainted bells of Einsiedeln. The cattle, too, frisk and bellow in sheer rivalry or delight; the dogs bark—the goats bleat—the damsels sing—the matrons scold—the men smoke—the keepers whistle—and the whole colony, cattle and company, make their migration to the Alps a *fête* worth remembering."—*Beattie's Switzerland.* On their return home from the mountains, in the month of October, the same ceremonies are repeated—the waggons being then laden with the produce of the dairy during the four or five summer months.

Page 34. *Stanza* 18.

And high above them all sails forth the *lammergheyer*.

The *lammergheyer*, or vulture of the Alps, remarkable for his great strength, is the most formidable enemy which the chamois has to dread.

CANTO III.

Page 38. *Stanza* 1.

'Twas sunset;—and the sports were nearly done
Within the charming valley of Passeyer.

The valley of Passeyer was the birth-place of Hofer.

"Rifle-shooting is a favorite pastime in all parts of Austria, but nowhere to the same extent as in Tyrol. There is scarcely a village in Tyrol without its shooting-ground, where the peasants meet to practise on Sundays and holidays. At stated times every year matches are made, and the marksmen of one

village, parish, or valley, meet to contend for a prize with another. They also take particular delight in gymnastic exercises of all kinds. A Sunday afternoon, or a féte-day, usually terminates in a wrestling match. The old men are umpires, and take a pleasure in stimulating the combatants. The talent of *improvising* is not uncommon among the peasants of the Tyrol: their verses, it may be supposed, have little claim to polish or harmony; they generally assume the form of a dialogue, the verses of one being taken up and answered by another. Sometimes the verses assume the more tender shape of a lover's address to his mistress, and his eloquence and skill are exerted in attempting to soften her heart,—her wit being directed to repel his ardour and laugh at his passion. In some parts of Tyrol the peasants compose entire plays, of which they themselves are the actors. The theatre is a space fenced with planks, adjoining the inn; the stage a raised platform in the open air within it. The subjects are usually taken from the well-known legend of a saint, or from some incident in Holy Writ, and, in this respect, they are not unlike the ancient 'Mysteries and Moralities,' the first theatrical performances known in England."--*Murray's Hand Book for Southern Germany.*

The Author has introduced an extract from Inglis's Tyrol, at page 46, fearing lest some readers, unacquainted with this custom, might misunderstand the allusion to the sacred drama, and the Song of Solomon. The imagery of King Solomon's Song is of course taken from the Canticle—the source from whence the village schoolmaster (who is generally the composer of the Bauernkomödien,) would naturally obtain the groundwork of his composition.

Page 52. Stanza 11.

The *Sandwirth* bow'd,
(The peasants had address'd him by that name,)

The house of Hofer was situated on a gravel bank or beach, called Am Sand, from whence he obtained the name of *Sandwirth*, or Innkeeper on the Sand. It is still the village inn, as it was in his lifetime, with the sign of the Crown; since his death it has been kept by his widow, who died in 1836.—See *Murray's Hand Book for Southern Germany*, page 263.

Not having been able to ascertain the name of Hofer's wife, that of *Constance* has been adopted, which is used by the Author of Claudine, in his interesting little story, intitled "Hofer, the Tyrolese." Helen is an imaginary character, introduced only for variety. In describing Hofer's character and person, the account has been followed given of him in "Memoirs of the Life of Andrew Hofer," supposed to have been written by Baron Hormayr, and translated from the German by Charles Henry Hall, Esq.

Page 59.

The Vesper Hymn.

It may perhaps be necessary to inform the Protestant reader, that the titles addressed to the Virgin in Helen's Vesper Hymn are taken from the "Litany of the Blessed Virgin," frequently called the Litany of Loretto, because it was first composed in that city, and sung in the processions.

The religious feelings of the Tyrolese are thus alluded to by Mr. Alison, in his History of Europe.—"The most remarkable

feature in the national character of the Tyrolese is their uniform piety. Regularly in the evening, prayers are read in every family; and the traveller, who passes through the villages at the hour of twilight, often sees through their latticed windows the young and the old kneeling together round their humble fire, or is warned of his approach to human habitation by hearing their hymns stealing through the silence and solitude of the forest."

CANTO IV.

Page 70. *Stanza* 15.

Here gentle Reader, let me pause to paint
(Presumptuous task!) a picture of the vale.

The valley of Passeyer is thus described by Mr. Inglis.— "At first, the valley is narrow, but gradually widens, though never losing the character of an upland valley: cottages and hamlets are scattered—but thinly scattered, here and there; little rivulets tumble into the Passeyer, leaping from the adjoining steeps; and many gentle and beautiful scenes open among the slopes and dells, that form the valley. Four hours' walk, (from Meran,) with many rests by the river side, and upon the stones that lay in its bed, brought me within sight of the house o Andrew Hofer. The brawling Passeyer, full of large stones, runs past the house, at the foot of a little stone wall raised to protect it against torrents; a few trees grow round the house: and on either side are seen mountains, their lower acclivities inclosed, and bearing a little corn; and a small church, with a green spire, stands upon a neighbouring knoll.

The house itself is no ways remarkable: like most other houses in this part of the Tyrol, the entry to it is by a wooden stair outside, which leads to a little balcony. Several targets, perforated in many places near the centre, were fixed to the wall, —evidences of Hofer's prowess in marksmanship."

Page 77. *Stanza* 29.

Doubtless thou knowest, this our fatherland
Once loved the Austrian Emperor to obey.

The events recorded in this and the two following stanzas are thus mentioned by Mr. Inglis, in his sketch of the war of 1809.— "By the eighth article of the treaty of Presburg, concluded in 1806, when the triumphs of the French arms put into the hands of the conqueror the destinies of Austria, the Tyrol and Voralberg were given to Bavaria, in exchange for the duchy of Wurtzburg. This transference, made without consent of the Diet, and in opposition to the will of the people, might be considered an annihilation of Tyrolean privileges; and although Bavaria solemnly guaranteed to the Tyrol, all her ancient and accustomed rights, this stipulation was speedily forgotten. The representative states were suppressed; the public funds were seized, ecclesiastical property was confiscated, and new taxes were levied."

Page 81. *Stanza* 36.

The elder's name was Haspinger.

"Joseph Haspinger was a Capuchin friar, and buried in the seclusion of a monastery till the war broke out. Though

reckoned with justice one of the most formidable of the Tyrolese leaders, he carried with him into the field of battle only the spiritual weapons which he brought from the cloister. Clothed in his brown garment and rope girdle, he bore in his hand a large ebony crucifix, with which, it is said, in close combat, he sometimes exchanged blows with the enemy; and being endowed with prodigious strength, nearly as many wonders are recounted of his personal feats as miracles won by his faith and devotion. He was distinguished by a flowing beard of a red colour, which gave him the surname of *Rothbard;* and often the massy crucifix and animated voice of the friar restored the combat, when his countrymen were sinking under numbers or fatigue."—*Alison's History of Europe.*

Page 83. *Stanza* 40.

The signal has been seen; upon the Inn
The *sawdust* floats; *this night* the rising will begin.

"The signal agreed on was throwing sawdust into the Inn, which floated down, and was soon discovered and understood by the peasants. Bale-fires at the same time were lighted on a hundred hills; and many a ruined castle blazed with a long-unwonted glow."—*Alison's History of Europe.*

Page 84. *Stanza* 42.

To arms! and let the watchword of our stand
Be this—For God, the Emperor, and our Fatherland.

"To arms! rise, Tyrolese! to arms, for your God, your Emperor, your country!"—*Archduke John's Proclamation.*

Page 85. *Stanza* 44.

Down the Jauffen's slope.

The Jauffen is a mountain between Sterzing and the valley of Passeyer. The Spronzerthal is a valley in the immediate neighbourhood.

Page 88. *Stanza* 50.

The portents of the war they spoke upon.

For an eloquent description of the omens which were observed on the approach of the war, see *Alison's History of Europe*, Vol. XII., pages 318, 319, and 320.

CANTO V.

Page 97. *Stanza* 9.

And lead thee where, along the Pusterthal,
The brave Chastellar's troops, ten thousand strong.

For an account of the progress of the Marquis Chastellar's army through the Pusterthal, see *Alison*, Vol. XII., page 340.

Page 100. *Stanza* 14.

And at Speckbacher's call.

"Speckbacher was a substantial yeoman, having inherited from his father a farm of some value in the village of Gnadenwald, in the Lower Innthal; he married a young woman with some property, entered into a contract to supply the salt works

of Hall with wood, and continued for twelve years to lead a laborious, inoffensive life, till the trumpet of war from Austria roused him to danger, and glory, and immortality."—*Alison's History of Europe.*

Page 100. *Stanza* 15.

Of Colonel Dietfurth I have to say.

The anecdote here mentioned is thus related in the *History of Hefer, translated by Mr. Hall.*—"As Dietfurth lay half fainting from loss of blood in the guard-house at Innspruck, surrounded by his disarmed companions, he asked 'who had been the leader of the peasants.' 'No one,' was the answer; 'we fought equally for God, the Emperor, and our native country.' 'That is surprising,' replied Dietfurth, 'for I saw him frequently pass me on his white horse.' This accidental and insignificant speech made the greatest impression upon the minds of the peasants, who are strongly addicted to superstition, and from that moment they were convinced that St. James, the patron of the town of Innspruck, had fought with them."

Page 102. *Stanza* 19.

And ever and anon, 'tis time, 'tis time,' they cried.

"*Es ist zeit,*" *it is time,* were the words written upon little bits of paper, and carried about by women and children, to warn the peasantry of the Innthal that the hour of insurrection had arrived.

Page 107. *Stanza* 29.

At this some furious fellows tried to drown.

"The rage of the Tyrolese against Chastellar was so great, that, when after the affair at Wörgl, he took refuge at Hall, they attacked him with cudgels, and gave him such a drubbing that he kept his bed for two days, and durst not venture to make his appearance, except to request a capitulation."—*French papers of the day.*

Page 109. *Stanza* 32.

That Eisenstechen, Buol has espoused
The insurrection shortly to begin;
That Martin Teimer, burning then to win
A cross of honor.

Eisenstechen was Hofer's aid-de-cámp. Buol was a general in the Austrian army. Teimer was one of the native leaders of the Tyrolese; he was made a baron, and presented by the Emperor with the cross of Maria Theresa.

Page 115. *Stanza* 44.

The doom'd invaders enter'd; not a sound
Disturb'd the silence of that awful hour.

The remarkable event here mentioned is described *by Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon,* in the following language. —"No sound but of the screaming of the eagles disturbed from their eyries, and the roar of the river, reached the ears of the soldier; and on the precipices, partly enveloped in a hazy mist,

no human forms showed themselves. At length the voice of a man was heard, calling across the ravine, "Shall we begin?" "No!" was returned in an authoritative tone of voice, by one who, like the first speaker, seemed the inhabitant of some upper region. The Bavarian detachment halted, and sent to the general for orders, when presently was heard the terrible signal, "In the name of the Holy Trinity cut all loose." Huge rocks, and trunks of trees, long prepared and laid in heaps for the purpose, began now to descend rapidly in every direction, while the deadly fire of the Tyrolese, who never throw away a shot, opened from every bush, crag, or corner of rock, which could afford the shooter cover. As this dreadful attack was made on the whole line at once, two-thirds of the enemy were instantly destroyed."

CANTO VI.

Page 118. *Stanza* 1.

'Twas holiday at Innspruck; through the streets
Of that fair capital a joyous crowd
Were hast'ning to the pageant.

"On the 4th of October, a grand festival was held at Innspruck in honor of Hofer, who was on that day formally invested with the medal (sent by the Emperor,) in the great church, at the foot of the tomb of Maximilian, by the Abbot of Wilten, amidst the acclamations of the people. The day was spent in rejoicing and revelry; but the Tyrolese were not to witness another day of such exultation."—*History of Hofer*, page 172.

Page 124. *Stanza* 11.

Müller and Schaner were the Tyrolese
The chief selected for the embassage.

"It was at this period that Müller and Schaner were dispatched as deputies from the Tyrol to England, to implore the assistance of the British government. The deputies were received, as might have been expected, by men of all ranks, with the greatest kindness and hospitality; but to give them real and effectual assistance was impossible." — *History of Hofer.*

"A letter of condolence and regret, that the call of the Tyrol could not be answered, and accompanied, I think, with some pecuniary aid, is preserved in the Museum of Innspruck."— *Inglis's Tyrol.*

The letter was written by Lord Bathurst. The gift which accompanied it was £30,000.

Page 132. *Stanza* 26.

Dear Friend and Brother. Break it to my wife.

The ideas expressed in this, and the two following stanzas, are taken from the letter which Hofer wrote to his friend, M. Pulher, a few hours before his execution. The original is preserved in the Museum at Innspruck. Mr. Inglis gives a translation of it in his work upon the Tyrol. It is as follows:—

"My very dear Brother,

"It is the will of God, that here, at Mantua, I change a mortal for an eternal state. But thanks be to God, the step seems to me as easy as if it were to conduct me elsewhere; and He will doubtless support me, and give me grace unto the end, that my soul may join the company of the elect, in that place where it may be permitted me to implore His mercy for all who were dear to me here below; those especially whose benefits have reached me. You, my very dear friend, and your spouse, are included among the latter; and my acknowledgments are due to you for the little book, and for many other kindnesses. Pray for me,—you, and all the good friends who yet live in the world I am going to leave,—pray for me; that I may be delivered from the purgatory where perhaps I must expiate my faults.

"My very dear wife will take care that mass be said, and requiem sung in the chapel of St. Martin; and that prayers be put up in the parish churches. The Innkeeper will provide meat and soup, and half a pot of wine to each of my friends and relatives.

"My dear Puhler, go yourself to St. Martin, and tell all to the Innkeeper; he will do what is necessary; but do not say a word to any other person of the affair.

"May you, and all whom I leave behind me, be well and happy in the world, until the time when we shall meet in heaven, and praise God for ever.

"I supplicate all those of my acquaintance, and all the inhabitants of Passeyer, to remember me in their prayers. Let

not my wife afflict herself too much on account of my death; I will pray for her, and all, in the presence of God.

"Adieu, passing world! death appears so sweet, that life is unworthy of a regret.

"Written at five o'clock of the morning; and at nine I go to God, with the succour of all the saints.

"Thy beloved in this life,

"ANDREW HOFER,

"*Of Sand, in Passeyer.*

"MANTUA, *February* 20, 1810.

"P. S.—In the name and by the help of the Lord, I undertake this voyage."

Page 136. *Stanza* 35.

Thus fell, thus perish'd Hofer—in his prime.

For particulars of Hofer's execution, see *Alison's History of Europe*, pages 121 and 122; *Inglis's Tyrol*, pages 382, 383; or, *the History of Hofer*, pages 194, 195, and 196.

Page 145. *Stanza* 52.

An explanation follow'd; it was this—
The avalanche fell.

A circumstance closely resembling that recorded in the poem is said to have happened to Speckbacher, who was obliged, as Hofer had been, to conceal himself in a cavern in the mountains.—"Happening one day to walk to the entrance for a few

minutes, an avalanche, descending from the summit of the mountain above, swept him along with it down to the distance of half a mile on the slope beneath, and dislocated his hip-bone in the fall. Summoning up all his courage, he contrived to drag himself along the snow for several leagues during the night, to the village of Volderberg, where, to avoid discovery, he crept into the stable," &c. &c.—*Alison's History of Europe*, Vol. XIII., page 124.

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